

VOL. XXIII.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## J. M. HIGH &amp; CO.

On Sept. 1st we will remove to our mammoth new store, corner Whitehall and Hunter sts. Our time for the disposal of our present stock is limited to only a few weeks and we have yet quite a large quantity of goods on hand. Now, it has been our honest endeavor for the past 30 days to close out at cost, but as the time is drawing near and the stock is yet large;

## YOUR PRICE WILL BE OUR PRICE.

Everything must go, cost or no cost. We are determined not to move anything from this store to our new building.

## WE WILL ALMOST GIVE THEM AWAY THIS WEEK.

2,000 yards dark ground, figured China Silks, cost 96c a yard, to go Monday at 59c.

63 pieces lovely plaid Novelties, cost \$1 to go at 69c a yard.

Small lot, say about 900 yards of solid and Figured China Silks, at the slaughtering price of 15c a yard.

All of our regular \$1.25 Dress China Silks, choice patterns, at only 75c a yard.

7 pieces black Wool Grenadines, 'tis a great pity that they should be classed with the others, but 73c will buy them now. They were \$1.25 and \$1.50.

57 pieces black ground Figured Batiste, worth 20c at only 12c a yard.

We offer choice of our black Silk Grenadines, at 98c a yard. Some goods in lot worth \$4.

15 or 20 pieces of fine French Challies that were 65c, now 39c a yard.

1 lot ladies' muslin Underwear, consisting of owns, Chemise, Drawers, Skirts and Corset Covers, worth from \$1G to \$1.75 a garment, choice now only 50c.

1 lot fine French Zephyr Gingham have been selling at 25c and 35c a yard, to close at 15c.

1 lot Remnants, half-wool Challies, 2 to 10 yard lengths, 5c yard.

5,000 yards Nanchester Challies, medium dark grounds at only 2c a yard for Monday.

75 dozen ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests at only 5c each.

3,000 yards fine white plaid Lawns, worth 10c at the insignificant price of 6c a yard.

1 lot fine White India Linens and Victoria Lawns at 5c a yard, worth double this price.

1 lot fine Torchon Laces, have been selling at 15c and 25c a yard, now only 10c.

250 26-inch Gloria Silk Umbrellas, worth \$1.50, at 98c each.

Special sale of fine Mull Skirtings at 33c on the dollar.

53 dozen ladies' black Silk Hose, pure spun silk, at 90c, worth \$1.50 a pair.

900 pairs ladies' Dongola Kid Button Shoes, hand-sewed, at \$2, worth \$4.

Misses fine Dongola Kid Button Shoes, spring heel, sizes 11 to 2, at \$1.25 a pair, worth \$2.50.

1 lot men's fine Balbriggan Shirts worth 50c, at only 25c each.

Men's Crepe Outing Shirts, former price 75c, now 45c each.

Small lot Window Shades, worth 75c, at only 29c each.

20 dozen ladies' Percale Shirt Waists at 37c each.

Ladies' fine puff bosom Shirts, latest style, sell regular at \$1.50, we close them out at 90c each.

1 lot Lace Curtains, worth \$2.75 the world over, to go at \$1.05 a pair.

100 dozen extra large size Towels, the 25c kind at 15c each.

We have thousands of bargains to offer you. Remember our time is limited and we must get rid of this stock at some price.

J. M. HIGH & CO.,  
46-48-50 Whitehall St.

## PCENTEMER &amp; C

CELEBRATED  
KID GLOVES  
PERFECTION OF FIT  
BRANDS WITH OUR NAME  
IN FULL IN LEFT HAND CLOVE

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

OUR GLOVES AND MITTS

ARE

Attracting MUCH Attention.

We carry the

Hosiery

FOR

Atlanta,

and offer

3

Special Drives

FOR

This Week!

Our Black Hosiery we

guarantee to be fast color.

Great Value.

We have a choice line of

Ladies' and Misses'

SHIRT

WAISTS,

in Madras cloth,

Silk Stripes and Wash

Silks, that we offer at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

American Notion Company,

T. N. WINSLOW,

28 WHITEHALL STREET,

Phone 282.

Jas A. Anderson &amp; Co.

Now Is Your Opportunity

WE WILL SELL

FOR THE NEXT 30

DAYS OUR ENTIRE

STOCK OF SPRING

AND SUMMER

CLOTHING RE-

GARDLESS OF

COST.

JAS. A. ANDERSON &amp; CO.,

41 Whitehall Street.

Auction! Auction!

Corner Loyd and Deca-

tur streets.

Wednesday, July 22d,

at 10 a. m.

Contractors take notice.

Will be sold without re-

serve to the highest bid-

der.

15 horses and 7 mules,

Also a few drays and

carriage harness.

The live stock is in first-

class condition and can be

seen at Ballard Transfer

Co.'s stables, corner Terry

and Hunter streets, before

the sale.

Be on hand if you want

a bargain.

FRANK QUEEN,

Auctioneer.

## Special Reduced Sale of Black Goods

—AT—

## M. RICH &amp; BROS.

The splendid success of our Special Reduced Sale of Black Dress Goods, during the past week, induces us to continue it during the present week.

Our stock of these fine goods is the largest and best in the city, and we are offering it at the lowest prices. We will close out these goods this week. If you want to take advantage of this bargain sale, come at once. We offer:

40-inch all-wool Henrietta, worth 75c, \$1 and \$1.15, we offer at 50c, 65c and 75c.

46-inch all-wool Henrietta, worth \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75, we sell at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Priestley's silk warp Henrietta, best in the world, worth \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, we offer at 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Priestley's Silk Princeton, worth \$1.75 and \$2, our price \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Priestley's Silk Claretts at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

Priestley's Silk Mousseline Grenadines at 75c, worth \$1.25.

Silk Warp Brilliantines at \$2, worth \$2.75.

Silk Crystallites, Priestley's, \$1.35, worth \$2.

Wool Challis at 75c, 85c and \$1, regular price \$1.25, \$1.40 and \$1.50.

Wool Nun's Veiling, 60c, worth \$1.

Wool Tammies, 65c, 90c and \$1.25, sold every-

where at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.75.

Bedford Cord at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

40-inch Brilliantines, 50c, 65c and 90c, well

worth 65c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Priestley's Bordered Nun's Veiling for Veils at

75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50, regular price \$1, \$1.25,

\$1.50 and \$2, and many other very desirable Black

Dress Goods, Cloths, etc., all of which must be closed

out this week.

These are no AUCTION BARGAINS, but REGU-

LAR GOODS which we bought cheap for the spot

cash and it is money in your pocket to buy them now.

## CLOSING OUT CARPETS, MATTINGS AND FURNITURE

Our immense stock for the fall trade is arriving daily, and we are forced to make room for it. We therefore offer extraordinary bargains this week in our Carpet, Matting and Furniture departments. As we must have room, no reasonable offer will be refused.

## We Make This Special Bargain Week.

Carpets at cost.

Mattings at cost.

Draperies at cost.

Shades at cost.

All Furniture at cost.

This will be a clear saving to you of at least 25

per cent in cash. Don't delay, but come at once.

Sale commences Monday, July 20th.

## M. Rich &amp; Bros.,

54 and 56 Whitehall St.,

14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 E. Hunter St.

## T. C. F. H. I. G.

## Cut Prices Still On

The largest and most complete assortment of FINE

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE ever shown in Atlanta.

Hundreds of suits to select from and prices way down to

and below cost.

The coolest store in town; crowded with customers

daily. The best Oak Suit in America for \$16, \$18, \$25. The

best \$100, \$200, \$300 Parlor, Chamber and Dining Room

Suits. Thirty handsome Leather Library Suits, Turkish

Chairs and Lounges at less than factory cost. Fifty Office

Desks just opened. Five hundred sets Dining Room and

Hall Chairs. Must be sold. Your price will be our price

on many of these goods. Folding Beds, Hat Racks, Book

Cases, Wardrobes, Tables, Chiffoniers, Mantel Glasses.

Now is the time to buy Fine Furniture for less money

than ever known in the Gate City; it matters not what

prices you get elsewhere, we are prepared to discount

them. Three hundred Sideboards and Dining Tables very

cheap. One hundred rolls Carpets.

Look out for BARGAINS all next week.

## P. H. SNOOK &amp; SON

## The Smith Premier Typewriter.

Has been adopted to the exclusion of

all other writing machines by the Asso-

ciated Press of the state of New York.

The SHIFT KEY SYSTEM RELE-

GATED to a PAST AGE.

JOHN BRATTON Ag't,

41 S. Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

41 S. Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.



## THEY READ PAPERS

WHILE THE CLERKS READ BILLS FOR A SECOND TIME.

An Hour and a Half Session of the House Yesterday—Many Members Go Home to Spend Sunday.

When Speaker Howell called the house to order yesterday there were about as many vacant seats as there were seats occupied. The request of Mr. Davis, of Burke, for leave of absence on Saturday for all members who had entered no request, at the close of Friday's session, did the work.

Many of the legislators had gone home to spend Sunday. Others took advantage of Mr. Davis's kindness and failed to show up for roll call.

And therefore the session was out very much.

When the house opened Mr. Fleming, of Richmond, moved that the regular order of business be dispensed with, and that house bills for a second reading be taken up.

The motion was accepted, and for an hour the two clerks read incipient laws at a rate that could not have been otherwise than gratifying to time-saving economists.

During this procedure the members entertained themselves with their newspapers and letter writing.

There was not even a privilege resolution to break the monotony of the bill reading.

When the last document had been reached and finished, it was moved that senate bills for first reading be taken up.

This was done.

Mr. Dunwoody, of Glynn, then addressed the chair with a request that a bill introduced by himself relating to the protection of game in Glynn county be taken up for a third reading and put upon its passage.

No objection was made, and the bill was taken up.

The favorable report of the committee was agreed to without a dissenting voice, and on the passage of the bill about half of the members present voted in the affirmative. The other half did not take the trouble to have themselves recorded as against the bill, and it was declared passed without an objection.

At this point Mr. Whitfield, of Baldwin, took the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "it is evident that if any bill should be taken up here to which some objection could be raised, it will be defeated on account of the small number of members present. Especially would this be the case should a measure of general importance be considered. Therefore, I move that the house adjourn until Monday morning at 9 o'clock."

A division was called for on the motion to adjourn, and then the eyes and nays.

The call for the ayes and nays was not sustained, however, and Speaker Howell declared the house adjourned.

Some of the representatives would rather stay in the hall than to go to the alliance picnic. Every time a motion is made to adjourn at any time other than at the regular hour they jump on it with both feet.

Unless Mr. Fleming, of Richmond, changes his mind, he will have something to say to the house on Monday.

Mr. Fleming is the author of the senatorial redistricting bill. This bill was introduced last Monday. Subsequently Mr. Fleming had a resolution passed referring the bill to a special committee of fifteen from the house and eight from the senate.

At Friday's session the senate, at Senator Ellington's instance, struck down this resolution, refusing to appoint the joint committee.

This action of the senate will be the subject of Mr. Fleming's remarks.

"I shall raise the point of parliamentary practice," said Mr. Fleming yesterday. "It was certainly uncalled for discourtesy on the part of the senate to refuse to acquiesce in the house's request for a joint committee, to which this important legislation could be referred. There is no regular committee which could properly take it under consideration. As I say, I have a word or two on the parliamentary order of the senate's action—and its lack of courtesy."

A prominent representative said:

"The senate put itself in what strikes me as an awkward or compromising attitude, by its refusal to let the senatorial redistricting bill go to a joint committee. No fair-thinking man questions the necessity for a revision of the senatorial redistricting bill. The senate strikes me as being in a position to do the best of faith when they oppose such important work without allowing it at least a fair investigation in committee."

The redistricting bill has occupied considerable attention among legislators since its introduction. Several amendments are already forming, if it should ever get to a stage where they can be brought up.

"It will most likely be reported to the house the latter part of this week," said Mr. Atkinson, of Covington. He referred to his bill placing express, telegraph and sleeping car companies under the jurisdiction of the railroad commission.

"I will not be able to be here to attend the meeting of the general assembly committee on Monday, before whom the bill is now pending, but shall have some one on hand to take notes on the arguments made against it by the representatives of the corporations affected."

Mr. Davidson was heard for the telegraph companies yesterday. Messrs. Jackson and Jackson for the sleeping car companies will be heard by the committee on Monday, and Mr. duBignon will conclude the corporation side for the express companies.

"Yes," said Mr. Say, of Floyd, "Rome is moving along at a rapid rate. We are now only going to have a new courthouse, but we now want a recorder—that is, we need one to keep us a walking straight."

GRADY AVENUE CHAPEL.

An Entertainment Held Friday Evening for the Benefit of the Grady Avenue Chapel.

There was a most delightful entertainment Friday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock, at Brookhaven, the beautiful suburban residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Underwood.

The entertainment was given for the benefit of the Grady avenue chapel, and was directed by Mrs. Underwood, Mrs. Jerusalem, Mrs. W. J. Tucker and Mrs. Paul Barth.

A delightful musical and literary program had been arranged.

It was as follows:

Piano Solo—"Home, Sweet Home" (by Thalberg), Raymond Barth.

Overture—"Waltz Selection, orchestra."

Recitation—"A New Cure for Rheumatism," Miss Anna Jerusalem.

Song—"Crocodile River Song" (Wade), Miss Marie D. Condon.

Overture—"Home Circle," orchestra.

Duet—"Local—We Wandered in Dreams" (Smith), Misses Condon and Martin.

Recitation—"Original Medley," F. Carl Barth.

The singing of Miss Marie Condon was especially fine and completely charmed the audience.

After the programme was gone through with delightful refreshments were served, which had been prepared by the ladies interested in the chapel.

The ice cream was donated by Mr. Fred Bonten, of the firm of Fairbanks & Bonten. Grady avenue chapel is nicely located at the corner of Grady avenue and Robinson street, and has not yet been fully completed, and it was for the purpose of raising money to finish the chapel that the entertainment was held.

The entertainment Friday evening was such a grand success that the ladies have decided to repeat it an early date.

Can any of the many readers of THE CONSTITUTION give me the postoffice address of Elie Yancy? When last heard from he was somewhere on the line of Arkansas and Texas, about four years ago. His brother, James M. Yancy, is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address T. H. Baker, or J. M. Yancy, Shalonsville, Milton county, Georgia.

## POLITICALLY PARTED.

SENATOR CALLAWAY REFUSES TO ENDORSE MR. WATSON'S POSITION

And Tells Him So—The Senator Was the Congressman's Right Hand Man—An Interesting Sequel to His Speech.

Senator Enoch Callaway, of the seventeenth district, the man who nominated Hon. Tom Watson for congress in the democratic convention of his district, and the man who did more to carry Burke county for him than anybody else in the county, has split with Mr. Watson—not personally, but politically.

The event is a very interesting one, and took place at the capital the morning after Mr. Watson delivered his now famous speech in the hall of the house of representatives, in which he took the position that there was no difference between the republican party and the democratic party.

As the story goes, Senator Callaway met Mr. Watson the morning after, and in a friendly way, took issue with him on his attack on the democratic party on the night before, stating that he thought that Mr. Watson had gone too far, and that though he had been his long political friend and had placed his name in nomination, that he could not go with him out of the party.

To the man who had been his fidus Achates in the biggest county in his district, Mr. Watson replied, stating that it made no matter whatever might be the political difference between the two, they would always hold their personal friendship, to which Senator Callaway promptly assented, and the casual conference was broken up.

Senator Callaway, while being a warm personal friend of Mr. Watson's, takes this position on account of what he considers his first allegiance to the party. As stated above, he was not only in the convention that nominated Mr. Watson, having heard the Burke county delegation for him, but placed his name in nomination. He is an earnest worker, and one of the strongest men in his county.

FOR TYBEE.

The Zouaves Will Leave for There with Anticipations of a Splendid Time.

The Zouaves leave for Tybee today, thirty men strong.

In addition, owing to the low rates which have been given, a party of about twenty-five friends will accompany them. Three extra coaches and a sleeper have been provided for them.

The Zouaves will meet at their armory at 6 o'clock this evening. From there they will march to the depot in uniform. At 7:10 they leave for their week's pleasure.

Mr. Robertson went down to Tybee a few days ago to make preparations for the company. The tents are already up and everything is in readiness for the encampment.

After a few days strict military discipline will be discarded, and the boys will plunge into enjoyment without restraint. It has been decided to give three dress parades—one on Tuesday afternoon, another on Thursday and the last on Sunday—the day before their departure. Then two exhibition drills will be given.

All of the members of the company are looking forward to the pleasure of the coming week at the attractive resort. There is no one who regrets their failure to go to Chickamauga.

Those who will go are:

Captain J. B. Hollis.

Lieutenant L. J. Daniels.

Sergeants F. W. Hollis, M. P. Brogan, E. Alder and A. Baker.

Corporals—W. J. Lankston, Ed Drake, A. C. Langston and W. J. Campbell.

Privates—J. E. Brown, J. E. Stewart, F. O. Weaver, T. H. Jones, E. T. Logan, C. H. Evans, C. O. Langston, J. E. Wilson, W. H. Hildebrand, Henry Nunn, L. C. Wealer, J. A. Baugh, J. J. Langston, Jr., W. B. Harris, J. D. Smith and W. O. Lowe.

Mrs. J. B. Hollis and Miss Blanche Durant will accompany them.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Scene at the Confederate Soldiers' Home.

EDITOR CONSTITUTION—A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of conducting a squad of Georgia legislators to the Confederate Soldiers' Home. As we were about entering the building, discovered a party of ladies on the outside, and invited them to join us in our visit of inspection. They were the wives of some of the legislators, and the hall's ascertained that one of their number, a young girl, with a most lovely expression, was gifted in declamation.

Obtaining her consent, requested the whole party to move on to memorial hall, stating that we had a rich treat in store for them there. When assembled I led the young lady to a favorable position and introduced Miss McLeod, the daughter of a dead Confederate soldier, and announced that she would read the poem of her mother, "Voice of the Wounded." Instantly every eye was doffed and every ear strained with profound attention.

Magnificently did she render that most affecting poetry to the memory of her mother, and the tears of the audience were freely shed. The young girl, with a most lovely expression, was gifted in declamation.

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## WISH NEW TRIALS.

THIRTEEN MOTIONS MADE FOR THEM YESTERDAY.

Some Are Granted, Others Denied and a Few Are Continued—A Suit Against the Telephone Company.

Motions for new trials were the order of the day in the city court yesterday.

Altogether thirteen were heard.

The first was the suit of J. H. Chambers vs. G. W. Gardner, in which judgment had been given for the defendant. It was continued.

The four men, Jacob Williamson, Tom Anderson, John Stafford and Jim Baily, who were caught near Clark's university and found guilty of gambling, were granted a new trial.

In the suit of Mrs. Esther Jacobs vs. the Atlanta Street Railway Company—verdict for the plaintiff—motion was overruled.

J. H. Swords, who had been found guilty of running a blind tiger presented his petition. After consideration, the fine of \$300, which had been imposed on him, was reduced to \$100. Swords paid this and the motion was dismissed.

The rule of Ray and Guise vs. L. P. Thomas, sheriff, was allowed to lay over till the September term.

The motion of the Mutual Loan and Banking Company, where A. M. Allen et al., had brought suit against it successfully, was granted.

New trial was asked for in the suit of James Wilson vs. the Fulton bag and cotton mills in which judgment had been given for the plaintiff. The case was argued and decision reserved.

Motion for new trial of the Fulton Lumber and Manufacturing Company in the suit against it of Henry B. Appling was overruled.

In the suit of Mark Freeman vs. the Richmond and Danville, a new trial was granted.

The case of the Georgia Midland and Gulf Railroad Company's suit vs. C. A. Collier was continued. The plaintiff had been successful.

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## THE LAST RALLY.

IN THE PLAN OF EDUCATION CAMPAIGN.

The Farmers of the Seventh Congressional District Meet to Hear General Weaver and Jerry Simpson.

Rome, Ga., July 18.—[Special.]—The last grand rally of this series of alliance meetings took place in Rome today.

The meeting was an extraordinary good one. In the first place, the crowd was immense.

From Alabama and the extreme limits of the old historic seventh congressional district counties, numbers had come.

In the second place, the order was splendid, not the least thing to mar the pleasantness of the occasion, and the speeches were good, and the crowd received them well.

Another rather novel affair was that when Colonel Livingston had concluded his speech, the immense throng broke forth in a lusty cheer for a home lawyer to make them a speech, and the Hon. Seaborn Wright, practicing attorney took the stand.

Another incident was the time spent by the speakers in scoring The Tribune.

THE CLANS GATHER.

Last night the clans began to gather, and scarcely had the sun risen over the hills this morning till thousands of farmers filled the streets of Rome. Black and lowering clouds overcast the heavens and a slight shower fell.

Long before the hour of meeting, the commodious building of the North Georgia and Alabama exposition was fairly filled. When 9:30 came, the crowd looked in vain for the distinguished speakers. Mr. Berry Collier took the stand, and said that the distinguished visitors had arrived last night, but through some mistake while sleeping on their private car, they had been hauled back to Atlanta, but that they would arrive at 10:30.

The party arrived at 10:30, and consisted of General Weaver, Hon. Jerry Simpson, Hon. Leola Livingston, Editor Gantt, Mr. W. S. Copeland and wife, and Harry Brown.

THE SPEAKERS INTRODUCED.

Hon. Felix Corbett, in a brief appropriate speech, introduced General Weaver.

General Weaver stood on a little round-top wooden table, and cleverly said that he stood on a platform as strong as the Ocala. General Weaver spoke of the sectionalism all gone, and that brothers stood shoulder to shoulder in the present conflict from the south, from the west, from everywhere. The burden of the speech was the control of commerce by congress, the constitutionality of the question, the power of the people, and the need for their millions.

General Weaver paid high compliments to Georgia, and said that no braver people ever trod on the face of the earth. The speech abounded in anecdotes and was heartily applauded.

JERRY SIMPSON TALKS.

Then the Hon. Jerry Simpson got on the table. (Several hundred Tribunes had been scattered among the audience in the meantime.) The Hon. Jerry Simpson held the Tribunes aloft and said: "The Tribune has spoken in this morning's issue of the 'Accident from Kansas,' and denounced in strong English, the third party movement of the invasion of Georgia. 'Has it come to this in Georgia?'" etc. The Hon. Jerry sailed into the editor, and the crowd yelled with him. Several anecdotes of ridicule were cheered to the echo.

Then the line of argument was on money, monopoly and the right to money. The Tribune has spoken in this morning's issue of the 'Accident from Kansas,' and denounced in strong English, the third party movement of the invasion of Georgia. 'Has it come to this in Georgia?'" etc. The Hon. Jerry sailed into the editor, and the crowd yelled with him. Several anecdotes of ridicule were cheered to the echo.

It was then announced that Leonidas F. Livingston would speak after dinner, and the assembly adjourned for dinner. A great barbecue and Brunswick stew were served in the position of the Georgia Exposition. In another, and upstairs the John H. Dent alliance and Cave Spring alliance had the orators of the occasion around a sumptuous board.

COLONEL LIVINGSTON'S SPEECH.

President Livingston pitched into The Tribune for attacking General Weaver and Hon. Jerry Simpson. The right allies at the paper produced great laughter. The currency of the country and its usage was then fully discussed, and at great length the subtlety of money was preached. Colonel Livingston, in speaking of the fight of water for hallucinations, the former being the sense of sight, and the latter being the sense of sight entirely false, thus causing one not to perceive the difference between the two.

Also expressed condition of different subjects as to accuracy of time, as to effect even upon the pulse and the temperature of the person. One of the earliest deceptions is that of perceiving the sense of taste. Stated that he desired a child to take quinine, and only did so after being hypnotized and told that he was taking sugar. Afterwards, stated that he was taking sugar, and the child was crying.

Large crowds are expected next week to hear the lectures and see "Ben Hur." The trains will be full of people every day.

FOR KIDNAPING.

John Clark and his Wife Got Into Trouble.

John Clark is wanted at Douglasville on a warrant for kidnaping.

His wife was arrested Friday night, and yesterday was carried to Douglasville.

With her was carried little Margaret Martin, be delivered to her parents at Douglasville. The story is a shocking little creature, apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years old.

It is charged that Clark and his wife kidnaped the child from her parents some weeks ago and brought her to Atlanta. The child has been living with them, and it is said she has been used as a tool in all sorts of schemes to get money. It is said that they made her do a lot of work for them.

She is a pitiful-looking little creature, and the scene was even more pitiful when she stated that her parents treated her badly and that she had to go to school at her late residence, however, in spite of her wishes.

Clark has not yet been captured. He is an old offender and has been up on many charges. He was once arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, the charge being that he begged and obtained money by stating that he had a dead child whom he wished to bury.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The following is the estimate prepared by the commissioner of internal revenue of the annual cost of sugar bounty provisions: McKinley tariff: Cane sugar, \$10,350,000; beet sugar, \$264,000; sorghum sugar, \$40,000; maple sugar, \$100,000; total \$11,354,000.

Distress in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 18.—The rural assembly, province of Kazan, where distress is most acute, has decided to apply to the government for a loan of \$500,000 roubles. The rural assembly will also ask for further delay in the collection of peasant taxes and that the manufacture of brandy from corn be prohibited and brandy shops closed for the year. A general appeal for funds to assist the suffering people has also been issued.

Another Railroad Bailing.

RAILROAD, July 18.—[Special.]—The state railroad commission ruled that railroads shall charge the same for fractions of a mile as for a full mile, provided the fractions exceed half a mile. No charge for any distance under a half mile. The ruling is applicable to the roads.

Opposed to a Shorter Day.

CINCINNATI, July 18.—The executive committee of the United Typothetes of America ended its session at the Gibson house today. Every member of the committee was present. It was unanimously agreed that the United Typothetes of America should not demand shorter hours of labor. It was also the unanimous opinion of the committee that it was unnecessary to change the date of the annual meeting to be held in this city in October next.

The following reply came today:

J. R. Weaver and Jerry Simpson. The report has not the shadow of a foundation.

S. McAllister, Editor Tribune, Atlanta.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA.

GREAT RESULTS EXPECTED FROM THE BEN HUR TABLEAU.

Miss Park's Playing and Miss Johnston's Recitations Taking the Day—Lectures from Ambrose and Lockwood.

LETHA SPRINGS, Ga., July 18.—[Special.]—Mr. W. C. Clarke, the manager of the "Ben Hur tableau," arrived here this morning. The first of this series will be presented Tuesday evening, July 21st. Mr. Clarke has been hard at work since he arrived, and the characters are for the most part already arranged. It must be remembered that he and his assistants only arrange the beautiful scenic displays, and that the characters will be personified by ladies and gentlemen at chautauqua.

He said in reference to the performances: "We have just closed our engagement with the Kentucky Chautauqua at Lexington, and brought 3,000 people to the tabernacle each night. They were delighted with our exhibition of the thrilling scenes in General Wallace's 'Ben Hur.' Our costumes and scenery are beautiful and almost perfect in their adaptation to the scenes presented. We will certainly please the audiences that attend."

This is an opportunity for our people to see the most gorgeous scenic display which has ever been in the south. Large crowds are expected from Atlanta and elsewhere in the south. The railroads are giving the most perfect service now, and those who come to chautauqua will be landed on time, both here and on their return.

Miss Johnston's recitations are marvels of elocution. Her rendition of "The Letter," by Bret Harte, seemed as near perfection as can usually be reached. Upon seeing her in this, we wonder how far the art may be carried. It is worth a trip even further than to the chautauqua to hear her in any of her numerous pieces.

At 11 o'clock Mr. Ambrose gave us his lecture on "The Scholar in Politics." The address was a masterly plea for intelligence in the use of the ballot. Mr. Ambrose is almost unrepentant because of the sentimentousness and force of his style, and the poetic beauty of his language. He speaks with absolute self-command, and holds his audience with a "magic spell." He is well informed in all the art may be carried. It is worth a trip even further than to the chautauqua to hear her in any of her numerous pieces.

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## M'KINLEY'S WARWICK.

**TALKS OF THE GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN OF OHIO.**

The Man Who Defeated McKinley Talks of Politics in the Buckeye State.  
Gossip from Saratoga.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 16.—[Special.]—There are four classes of people who come to Saratoga.

1. Politicians from almost every state in the union. They come to make deals and arrange states in both national and state politics.

2. People who want to do the very well society and who wish to see their families and magnificent equipments galore.

3. Sports, who come advocating personal free coinage from the bookmakers at the race course or from the faro table at the grand club house. They come to make a fortune or lose a few dollars. They usually do the latter.

4. Those in need of health from the waters of the most wonderful springs.

The fourth class are here now, and those who drink the waters regularly are getting the health, for there are none like them.

As the races do not begin until next week the great crowd of the season has not arrived, but the mass of mammoth hotels are coming to life rapidly.

Saratoga is a city of hotels. In winter population is 15,000; next month there will be 50,000 people here. One mile of the principal street of the town is lined on both sides with hotels without intermission. And there are fully a hundred springs of bubbling gaseous waters that come in black tin lined pipes to the surface below. From nearly all of them the water flows out in great glass globes in which the natural carbonic acid gas is seen bubbling in myriads of shapes.

While those attracted by the races have not come, the politicians and statesmen are dropping in daily.

**McKinley's Warlike.**

I had a talk with Hon. J. G. Warwick, of Massillon, O., the other day.

What a surprise to the man who beat McKinley for congress. That was a battle of giants! Those who heard McKinley in Atlanta a few years ago know what he is. Added to McKinley's ability and popularity was a barrel of money. But Warwick proved a giant too strong for even that combination.

He is a man of perhaps fifty-five years of age, medium height, gray beard, and smooth face, with the exception of a rather brittle growth of side whiskers.

His voice is almost musical in conversation.

"So, Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, will be elected speaker of the house of Representatives," said he. "He has always been my choice, because I believe him to be the best qualified for the duties of the position. The Ohio members I think will vote for him, although there has been very little discussion of this matter out in our state."

"Ohio, you know, has a campaign of the greatest importance to our party."

"What about the election? All depends upon Hamilton county. Governor Campbell must carry it, or we cannot elect a senator to the legislature. The democratic leaders of Hamilton county are fighting him vigorously, but when he is nominated, it is probable they will stand by the party. If they make a vigorous fight perhaps they can carry Hamilton. Governor Campbell is very confident of success. More so, perhaps, than some of his friends. McKinley is a tariff reform state."

"Will tariff be the issue?"

"Yes; I think both parties want to make that the issue, although it is simply a state election."

"As I said, Ohio is a tariff reform state. The McKinley tariff law is decidedly unpopular with our people; and what that the issue the democrats Ohio is a tariff reform state."

"I heard a story the other day which well demonstrates the unpopularity of McKinley bills."

"The census office at Washington sent out letters of inquiry as to the encumbrances on farms. An old Ohio farmer replied to his letter in this language:

**"WATER IS THE ONLY ENCUMBRANCE ON MY FARM EXCEPT THE MCKINLEY BILL."**

"Every farmer in Ohio feels that way, and it will have effect in the campaign."

**The Third Party in Ohio.**

"What of the third party movement?"

"That will not amount to much. If anything, it will aid the democrats. There are many farmers in Ohio who have been lifelong republicans, who believe with McKinley ever longer. These men want to get out of it. Still, they do not feel that they can come squarely over into the democratic party. These men will go into the people's party. The democrats on the other hand will hold on to the party, and as a consequence the third party will be aid to the democrats."

"Who will succeed Sherman?"

"Oh, that again depends upon Hamilton county. If Hamilton goes democratic the legislature is quite certain to have a democratic majority. Otherwise Sherman, I believe, will be his own successor."

"And if the democrats get the legislature?"

"Then we shall call for a general reapportionment. Ohio has many democrats who would well represent her in the senate."

Mr. Warwick would not express his preference between Hill and Cleveland for the democratic presidential nomination, but he is a strong believer in Hill. He believes Hill needs another year, yet he would like to see him to congress than any other one thing. Indeed, he speaks of New York's governor in the highest terms, and, while he did not say it in so many words, he is a Hill man to the core.

E. W. B.

**A Woman Who Deserves a Monument.**

From The New Orleans Picayune.

It is said Mrs. Lucian Mayberry, of Little Rock, Ark., is the happy mother of two boys, all born within the life of thirty-nine months. There are two sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. They are all well formed, bright and healthy in body and mind. Mrs. Mayberry is big boned, tall, twenty-two years of age, with the head of an infant asylum. Mrs. Mayberry is a pretty blonde, plump and hearty, of barely twenty-four years of age. She says that her mother gave birth to six children, twelve years before she married. Her father, John Mayberry, of Maryland, and a great belle in Washington during the first Harrison administration, presented her husband several years later with a pair of triplets. Physicians say that Mrs. Mayberry has surpassed by one any case which they have any record, a Polish countess in 1708 having given birth to nine children in the same length of time. Her father was an occasional member of the senate, and she with her, while all were undernourished and deficient in intellect and physical vitality, living only a few years and dying of premature decay.

**The Independent South.**

From The Nashville American.

"Strange things are happening in this country, and the followers of Jefferson Davis are doing strange things." Jefferson Davis, north and south, may yet ask congress to build a monument for the war the southern people will need no help to capture the capital."—Chicago Letter Ocean.

The southern people will need no help to conquer the capital. The followers of Jefferson Davis, or any other man the south feels called on to honor. When the followers of Jefferson Davis "wholly capture the capital" they will not use their control of the government for sectional benefit, nor appropriate \$500,000,000 of the people's money a year to carry on the government. They will bring the same honesty to the management of the affairs of the government which they showed in the years in which they managed the affairs of the government before the war.

If you want hardware at your own price attend sale of Morrison & Co.'s bankrupt stock.







## A dark, vertical, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of wood, showing signs of wear and discoloration. The texture is grainy and uneven, with some lighter areas and some darker, more worn areas. The overall appearance is aged and rustic.







ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE MINERS ARE SULLEN

AND WILL RELEASE THE CONVICTS  
AS SOON AS THE TROOPS LEAVE.

## THE MEN HELD ANOTHER MASS MEETING.

Governor Buchanan Returns to Nashville  
and Reports a Serious State of Affairs at  
Bristolville—The Miners Will Wait.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 18.—[Special.]—Governor Buchanan and Superintendent of Prisons Wade returned to the city this morning, and from the statements made by them, the situation at Bristolville is not all reassuring. The miners are simply awaiting the departure of the military, when they will release the convicts. There was no trouble last night as shown by the following telegram received today:

KNOWLEDGE, Tenn., July 18.—Governor Buchanan: I came from Bristolville this morning. Last night was the quietest since the trouble began. Miners at other mines are at work.

CHARLES T. ALLENMAN.  
The governor was asked as to the situation at Bristolville, and said that the miners are determined, so they say, to release the prisoners as soon as the military are removed. They do not desire to have bloodshed.



Governor Buchanan.

and will await the removal of the military. Governor Buchanan says his speech to the miners was heard with sullen silence. Governor Buchanan received assurances that neither he nor the military were conspired, and that there would be no disturbance so long as the military were kept in the field. The soldiers, Governor Buchanan says, are in good spirits, though they are having a pretty tough time. They have to sleep on the stockade floor, and they have no blankets.

After the miners' mass meeting, Thursday night, and Mr. Wade, however, in sullen silence, without a cheer. Two of the men, named Turner and Lowery, then made two of the most incendiary speeches he ever heard. That night a meeting was held, and it was decided to take no further steps during the presence of the military. Mr. Wade went out to the penitentiary to see Dr. Morrow in regard to sending convicts to the mines. Mr. Wade thinks that at least fifty guards are necessary. The military, he says, will remain until the stockade is completed, which will require about five days. He will return to East Tennessee next week.

## THE NEWS FROM THE MINES.

COAL CREEK, Tenn., July 18.—[Special.]—Another day passed and all felt relieved to-night that it had passed without trouble. The morning was calm, but the clouds soon passed away, and the last of the day was from a cloudless sky. As the sun sank behind the mountains, its parting rays were cast on the most peaceful and quiet scene known in the valley for days.

Last night was one of intense surprise to the people, citizens, miners and even convicts. They might not be feeling that any moment might see trouble, but a feeling of uneasiness, which seemed to increase as the hours passed. One reason for this was that men were pouring into the mine hamlets from all the surrounding country. The news of the strike and turmoil here had spread, and from miles away the men came. Each one of them was in full sympathy with the miners, and their words and excited action told that they were ready at any time to aid in capturing and driving off the convicts; but so sober reason prevailed, and the day was along with no incident which would have caused a ripple of excitement.

LATER in the day a little excitement caused a ripple of excitement among a large crowd, which might have resulted from the daily papers, every one was anxious to see them. Soon a murmur of indignation ran through the crowd, which increased the perfect storm of anger. The cause was a very sensational article in the Knoxville Journal. The reporter was singled out, and an angry crowd gathered around him. It was a lie, and one man ran up to the reporter and, shaking his fist in his face, called him a liar. Other men, in excited groups, appear to be shouting and cheering, but little to hear of. The reporter acted coolly and with good humor, and the matter passed over. This afternoon, however, he left.

STARTLED BY AN EXPLOSION.  
The military in camp here was greatly startled last night by a terrific explosion, which occurred not far from the barracks. Some one fired a keg of powder, and when the explosion came it was for one instant brilliant. The explosion was followed by a loud roar, and the men were all up and looking out. The explosion was followed by a loud roar, and the men were all up and looking out. The explosion was followed by a loud roar, and the men were all up and looking out.

THE MILITIA WAS ENTIRELY WORN OUT.  
The militia was entirely worn out. The boys have had no rest and sleep since the trouble began, and what they have done is on hard labor. The militia was entirely worn out. The boys have had no rest and sleep since the trouble began, and what they have done is on hard labor. The militia was entirely worn out. The boys have had no rest and sleep since the trouble began, and what they have done is on hard labor.

AT OFFICERS' MEETING.  
An officers' meeting was held. The officers were all present, and the matter was evidently discussed. The officers were all present, and the matter was evidently discussed. The officers were all present, and the matter was evidently discussed. The officers were all present, and the matter was evidently discussed.

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## A THIRD PARTY MEETING

LEADERS IN THE MOVEMENT WILL  
MEET TODAY

## IN CINCINNATI TO ARRANGE MATTERS.

A Vigorous Campaign to be Waged in Ohio.  
Who Will Be at the Conference  
Today—Other News.

CINCINNATI, O., July 18.—[Special.]—There will be an important meeting of the people's party leaders of Ohio and other states in this city tomorrow. Among those who will be present are H. E. Taubeneck, chairman of the national committee; National Secretary Schilling; James Harper, of Illinois; Senator Peffer, of Kansas; J. H. Davis, of Texas, and all the members of the state committee in this state. Steps will be taken to conduct a vigorous campaign in Ohio. It is the intention to put at least 100 speakers in the state after the first of August, and efforts will be made to capture the disaffected democrats of the entire region of the state to work with the party. A large number of meetings in this city have already been arranged.

WEATHER CROP BULLETIN.  
Showing the Condition of Crops in All Sections.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The weather bureau's weekly crop bulletin says: The week has been a dry one in all sections. In the north, except in New England, New York and southern Texas, where a normal temperature has prevailed. Over the western and central portions of the cotton region the week has been a dry one, but slightly below normal, while in the south Atlantic states and over the wheat and corn regions of the central valleys the mean daily temperature for the week was about normal. In the spring wheat region the deficiency in temperature was less, and amounted to about 1 degree per day.

The same deficiency in temperature occurred in northern California, Oregon and Washington. Areas of excessive rainfall during the past week were much more numerous in the west, the largest area extending from Lake Superior westward to Oregon, including the greater portion of the spring wheat region.

The area of excessive rain next in extent covered the west portion of the cotton region, while the southern portion of the cotton region was in a normal condition. In the central portion of the cotton region, the rainfall was deficient, but in the central portion of the cotton region, the rainfall was deficient, but in the central portion of the cotton region, the rainfall was deficient.

Alabama.—Rainfall in excellent condition; crops doing well in most sections; cotton in a few localities is suffering from disease. Mississippi.—Rainfall in excellent condition; crops doing well in most sections; cotton in a few localities is suffering from disease. Mississippi.—Rainfall in excellent condition; crops doing well in most sections; cotton in a few localities is suffering from disease.

Virginia.—Low temperature and deficiency in rainfall, injurious to corn; tobacco promising. Arkansas.—General weather conditions favorable, although the rain was badly distributed, particularly in the eastern portion of the state; cotton somewhat deficient; crops doing well in most sections. South Carolina.—Cool, dry weather, unfavorable to cotton; crops doing well in most sections.

Louisiana.—Rainfall deficient, but beneficial; the corn crop in the cotton region was in a normal condition. The laying of fruit of stable cane is nearly completed; early rice doing well; crops doing well in most sections. Texas.—Warm and dry weather have injured cotton; wheat and corn crops are in a normal condition. Texas.—Warm and dry weather have injured cotton; wheat and corn crops are in a normal condition.

THE LIGHTNING STROKE  
Kills One Man and Fatally Injures Two More.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 18.—[Special.]—Five men took refuge from a storm in a ginhouse in the Hopewell section of Long Creek township yesterday afternoon. During the progress of the storm the ginhouse was struck by a bolt of lightning. A negro named Edmund Anderson was instantly killed, and Mr. Sample, a young negro boy, was fatally injured. The other two men of the party were not in the least injured. The bolt came from the stormy cloud seen to the west of the town. Mr. Sample was badly injured, and the lightning struck the ginhouse, which threw such a dark shadow over Charlotte that lights had to be turned on in stores and residences.

James McCormick died from a blow received in the prize ring. CHRYSLER FALLS, Mich., July 18.—James McCormick died today from injuries received in a prize fight with a champion wrestler. McCormick was struck on the head by a blow from the wrestler, and died shortly thereafter. The fight was a sensational one, and attracted a large crowd.

HUNG TO THE CELL DOOR.  
A Murderer Lynched by a Mob at Spencer, Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 18.—This morning a city mob entered the jail at Spencer, Ind., and lynched Frank Dole, awaiting trial for the murder of Chaney. They hanged him to a cell door.

THE RAILROAD STRIKE IN PAIRI.  
Little Rock, Ark., July 18.—Particulars of a bloody encounter in the Creek nation were received here this evening. Parsons of Chief Fiebigler and Wesley Smith, candidates for principal chief, came together at a barbecue near Fisher's. While Smith was making a speech the followers of his opponent precipitated a fight. The men were armed with knives and pistols, and the fight was a bloody one. The men were armed with knives and pistols, and the fight was a bloody one.

THE WALL CAUSED TROUBLE.  
The People Were Determined to See What Was Going On.

DALLAS, Tex., July 18.—[Special.]—Last fall the commissioner's court of Dallas county contracted with S. L. James to build a new courthouse at a cost of \$38,100. James built a high wall around the premises, which caused much suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of the county. The wall was built in a high wall around the premises, which caused much suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of the county. The wall was built in a high wall around the premises, which caused much suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of the county.

THEY FOUGHT WITH HOES.  
A Riot Among the Negroes Near West Point, Miss.

## GERMANY AT THE FAIR.

THE EXHIBIT FROM THE FATHER LAND

## WILL BE SECOND TO NONE FROM ABROAD.

Germany's Exhibit from Germany—The Threatened Crisis in France—De Freycinet Threatens to Resign.

BERLIN, July 18.—[Copyright, 1891, by the New York Associated Press.]—Mr. Edwards, American consul general here, has invited all American consuls in Germany to a conference in this city with Herr Wernuth, imperial commissioner to the world's fair, to be held in Chicago. The consular body will also meet the president of the German committee in London. Numerous public receptions are being arranged to be held during the presence of the committee in Germany. Mr. Edwards hopes, through the consular conference and public meetings, to dispel the German misapprehensions in regard to the severity of the McKinley bill.

Consular statistics on the operation of the tariff have been prepared in order to show that the McKinley bill is not inspired by hostility against foreign trade, but that it is mainly intended to encourage American manufacturers. HOW THE WORK WILL BE DONE. Mr. Edwards proposes to facilitate the labor of the American committee by centralizing the sources of information concerning Germany. He expects that the consular body will visit every industrial center much time would be absorbed with probably less satisfactory results than if the information were close at hand and readily accessible. Great commercial points, such as Hamburg, Chemnitz and Frankfurt will be visited, but having a focus of information will enable much to be accomplished in the shortest time. Herr von Berlepsch, Prussian minister of commerce, will be the first minister to receive the committee.

The members of the committee will subsequently be given receptions by Herr Miquel, minister of justice; Chancellor von Caprivi, and probably the emperor will give them an audience. LAST NIGHT AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE. Lord Salisbury's adherence to the triple alliance appears to have been made with due regard to the protection of English interests in Egypt and India.

The conferences of the emperor and von Bismarck, Prussian minister of state, and imperial secretary of state for foreign affairs, with Lord Salisbury, have materially altered the whole complexion of the German foreign policy. Only a partial indication of the drift of the entente concluded at the Hatfield house has transpired, but enough is known to suggest that Lord Salisbury obtained assurances from the emperor that the Franco-Russian projects against England's possessions in the east will be met with open German support of England. An entente is thus established all round the arrangement aiming at an Asiatic as well as European equilibrium. Diplomatic opinion here concurs that Lord Salisbury has got the best of the bargain, securing a positive check upon the French schemes against Egyptian occupation and Russian encroachments on India, without committing England to armed intervention in support of Germany.

The party, which has become alarmed at the movements of French diplomats towards the reopening of the question as to the dandem in the interest of Russia, has commended the German ambassador at Constantinople on the policy of the triple alliance matter. It is understood the Turkish government received assurances that the present position would be maintained, and that the French ministerial crisis was watched here more with curiosity than with emotion. It was recollected how, just before the chamber of deputies adjourned, the deputies, maneuvering to bring down a motion with a sensational title, "The Triple Alliance," had a genuine basis in the exceptional treatment of the French commercial travelers in Alsace-Lorraine.

The German embassy in Paris does not refuse to give commercial travelers' passports. Necessarily the visa is not granted to men who are known to the officials of Alsace-Lorraine, or who are suspected of distributing revanche badges, medals and pamphlets, of which many commercial travelers are accused. Every day a refusal of the visa is duly noted, and is open to the inquiry of the French foreign office, which knows better than to stir an inquiry.

THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH MINISTERS. The crisis, after the reception of the French squadron at Cronstadt, will sail for Copenhagen, escorted by United States and French warships. The latest rumor regarding attempts upon the life of the czar, which rumor caused momentary terror in St. Petersburg, was that an officer had tried to murder the czar with an ax. The report arose from the fact that the czar was amusing himself in the forest chopping trees, when the head of the ax flew off and struck an attendant in the face and wounded him. The czar went to the assistance of the wounded man, and got some blood on his hands and clothes. The official of the guard approached them and thought that the czar was in danger. He called upon some soldiers to rescue his majesty and before an explanation could be made the czar's attendant was cut down by overzealous soldiers. The czar caused the officer to be punished for his action.

THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH MINISTERS. The emperor arrived today at Brones, before the crisis, and continued the voyage towards Lofodden. ON THE RETIRED LIST. It is officially announced that the general commanding the Second, Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth army corps will be placed on the retired list. The entire new tactic measure was then passed by a vote of 387 to 110. The chamber of deputies today rejected the proposals made by Freycinet, president of the council and the minister of war, to grant \$120,000 to the Ecole Polytechnique. As a result the session of the chamber was suspended and a cabinet council was summoned to consider the situation. It is reported that Freycinet has decided to tender his resignation. The vote of the chamber of deputies yesterday expressing confidence in the government has not satisfied the extremists, who are continuing the agitation in regard to the Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations, and who have not ceased their attempts to incite feelings against the government.

A meeting of the extremist party held last night in the rue de la Harpe, a public meeting to protest against what they term the "treachery and cowardice of the government." During the past night the Strasbourg station on Place de la Concorde was by some parties unknown, enveloped in a large crepe veil. The police removed the veil and are hunting for the perpetrators of the outrage. TREASON TO THE CHIEF. Members of the council of ministers have persuaded De Freycinet not to tender his resignation. The cabinet ministers have represented to Freycinet that the rejection by the chamber of deputies of the credit asked for in his capacity as minister of war for the Ecole Polytechnique did not imply a want of confidence in the government. When the ministers returned to the chamber the session was resumed, but was immediately afterwards closed.

MINISTER REID WAS PERSISTENT. And the Prohibition Was Taken Off the American Flag. PARIS, July 18.—The decree rescinding the prohibition of American ports, which takes immediate effect, simply enacts that the duty on American salt pork, hams and bacon, which was paid 84 francs before the prohibition, will now be 50 francs per 100 kilos. The decree with the new system all prohibitions will be abolished. The immediate application of the decree is due to the persistent pressure brought to bear by United States Minister Reid, especially during the last few weeks, when M. Ribot, minister of foreign affairs, who was hesitating over the matter of rescinding the prohibition, finally decided to do so, but wanted to postpone it until the whole tariff bill was passed and promulgated.

Mr. Reid urged that if the government postponed the rescinding of the prohibition until the end of autumn, it ought to pass a special law without delay. M. Ribot consulted his colleagues, and finding no opposition to the matter, introduced the project in the chamber of deputies. FLOODS IN PENNSYLVANIA. Trestles Washed Away and Several Land-slides. PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 18.—A temporary trestle of a new Panhandle railroad bridge across Conemaugh river, six miles below this city, was washed away by a sudden flood shortly before noon today, and three workmen drowned. The body of one was recovered and identified as that of Thomas Coleman. The others were foreigners and their names have not yet been learned.

About the same time an immense landslide came down the hill below Duquesne Heights, and fell on a Chartres street car. The roof was crushed in, but none of the passengers were injured. It has been raining hard since 11 o'clock last night, and considerable damage by washouts and landslides is reported along the lines of railroads. All small streams are running bankful, but no other accidents of a serious nature have been reported.

A GREAT BANK SUSPENSE. The River Platte, of London, Closes Its Doors—Cause of the Trouble. LONDON, July 18.—The English Bank of River Platte (limited) of which A. E. Smith is managing director, has suspended payment in consequence of the failure of the bank to secure assistance that was expected to be received to enable it to tide over its troubles. The difficulties of the bank are due to the looking up of South American securities. The capital of the bank is \$7,500,000, half paid in. It has received \$2,100,000 and paid dividends of 10 percent a year. The directors of the bank have issued an official statement announcing that the bank will go into liquidation owing to the impossibility of collecting its debts in the Argentine Republic. The directors state that they find it impossible to carry on business without assistance, which in the present financial condition prevailing in the Argentine Republic, they are unable to obtain.

REWARDS OFFERED. The town of Hanover offers \$500 reward, and Miss Warden's father offers \$500. An examination made by Professor Frost, dean of Dartmouth Medical college, and Professor E. J. Bartlett, shows that one bullet entered the girl's brain and the other severed her spinal cord. Her funeral will take place Monday afternoon.

A NEW PHASE OF THE MOTZ CASE, Which It Is Believed Will Revolutionize Public Opinion. CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 18.—[Special.]—Your correspondent, who just returned from Lincoln, the scene of one of the most terrible tragedies that ever occurred in this state, namely that of the Motz boys, a full account of the case was given in the Constitution of last Sunday.

When the case comes to trial the Motz brothers will introduce evidence that will put an entirely different face upon the matter, and there will be a complete revolution in public opinion. They will be able to prove that they met Michael in the road for the purpose, with a companion, Sam Motz, assistant of making a prisoner of Michael, and taking him to their father's house and forcing him to marry their sister then and there. They were armed for the purpose of intimidating Michael. They had had frequent consultations with Sam Motz, and he had consented to aid in the plan. They had engaged the services of the minister to perform the marriage ceremony, but their plans miscarried, and ended in the death of their cousin and confederate. The poor girl, once bright in intellect, robust in health, and of a cheerful disposition, has become a mental and physical wreck, and will soon be beyond the reach of the sneers of inhumanity and in the tender presence of a merciful God.

A VIOLENT PRESUMPTION. A Negro Goes Out of Sight at Village Springs, Ala. BRENTWOOD, Ala., July 18.—At Village Springs, in Blount county, Tuesday, a negro named Mack Brown went to Mr. James Cowder's house. He found nobody at home but Mrs. Cowder, who he assailed with criminal intent. Before his purpose was accomplished her screams attracted the attention of a chance passer-by, who came to the rescue. Brown fled, but was captured by a posse yesterday at Compromise, Ga. Mrs. Cowder positively identified him, and the posse started with him to jail. A short distance from the road he was turned loose and then a number of shots were heard. The posse came back seemingly satisfied, and it is presumed he did not escape.

## SEIZED BY A RUFFIAN.

DRAWN INTO THE RUSHES AND SHOT TO DEATH.

## FATE OF A PRETTY NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRL.

While Returning Home Late at Night With Her Mother and Sisters She is Seized by a Ruffian and Murdered.

HANOVER, N. H., July 18.—As Miss Christie Warden, accompanied by her mother, her sister, Fannie, and Louise Goodell, was returning on foot to their home, located one mile from the village, at a late hour last night, Frank Almy, about thirty years of age, jumped into the road in front of them, and seizing Christie by the arm, said: "I want you."

The mother and sister attempted to defend her. Almy fired at them, but missed. They ran for assistance. Then Almy dragged his victim into the bushes from the road and shot her twice through the head, one shot passing over her left eye.

When help arrived, the girl was dead, and her body was stripped of nearly every article of clothing. Almy had fled. Miss Warden was a beautiful and most estimable young woman about twenty-five years old, a graduate of the state normal school, and a popular teacher. Almy was a former employee of her father, and his attention to Miss Christie had been repulsed. She was a daughter of Andrew A. Warden, a wealthy farmer and leading citizen.

The town is in a state of great excitement. No trace of the murderer has yet been found. Business in town is practically suspended to-day and a large number of armed men, among them nearly all of the Dartmouth professors, who are spending their vacations here, are scouring the country.

One theory is that suicide was the second act in the tragedy and that his body will be found within a few hours. Another is that having long premeditated the act, he planned such speedy and effective means of escape that he is already a considerable distance away. Almy first came here about a year ago, claiming that Savannah, Ga., was his home. He worked at Wentworth for some time under another name.

WATCHING FOR HIS VICTIM. It is pretty certain that Almy has been lurking around for several weeks watching for a favorable opportunity to do his devilish work. Twice within three weeks members of the Warden household have been startled by discovering a man looking in at the windows after dark. On the night of the commencement concert, June 24th, a man was seen skulking around the residence of Professor C. H. Pettie, whose guest Miss Warden was at that time. He undoubtedly intended to kill her as she returned from the entertainment, and would have done so had he not been frightened by a neighbor who saw him about the dwelling.

SEARCHING FOR HIS VICTIM. The ringing of the college bell at 3 o'clock this afternoon called out an additional force for extending the search. Lectures in the medical college have been suspended, and many of the students have joined in the hunt. Up to 7 o'clock no very promising results have been found unless at White River junction, where Frank Omer, who lives on the fair ground, was awakened by a man said to answer Almy's description, much fatigued and who anxiously inquired the way out of the fair ground enclosure.

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FALL OVER THE EMBANKMENT. LIVERPOOL, July 18.—A train passing along the railroad running along the line of the Manchester ship canal fell over the trestle's embankment, near this city, killing eleven men who were on the canal. In addition to the men killed, many workmen were injured.

THE ACCIDENT WAS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE POINTS, or switches, which the boy seventeen years old, mistook the points and turned the railroad train, consisting of twenty-two wagons, into the canal, into the siding leading into the cutting. The train then crashed into a slight buffer at the end of the cutting and toppled over. The men at work below the embankment. The boy ran away when he saw the accident, but was captured later in the day, and was charged with manslaughter.

SENATOR JONES'S SON SHOT. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 18.—Nat R. Jones, son of United States Senator James R. Jones, of Arkansas, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded at the senator's home, Washington, Ark., this afternoon, by a school teacher named J. F. Shepley. The two men had a row up town and Jones followed Shepley to the depot and sent a passenger coach, where the tragedy occurred. Jones missed Shepley.

THE NEW PAPAL SECRETARY. ROME, July 18.—The tribunal announces that Cardinal Vannetti is to replace Cardinal Rampulla as papal secretary.

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Rated by Rowell's Newspaper Directory for 1891, in a classification of 5,000 more circulation than any other Georgia daily newspaper, and recommended as follows: To the Publisher:—

Please observe the following true statement concerning your paper, THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION:—

"The new book for advertisers, just issued by George F. Rowell & Co., specifies the best paper in each one of the states, territories, districts or provinces of the United States and Canada. This is the best paper for an advertiser to use if he will use but one in a state, and the one publication on which is read by the largest number and best class of persons throughout the state. For Georgia the paper named in the list is THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION." (Signed) GEORGE F. ROWELL & CO., New York.

ATLANTA, GA., July 19, 1891.

**The Constitution and Governor Hill.**  
 The readers of THE CONSTITUTION do not need the assurance that in this campaign, as in the past, our fight is for democracy—its principles and its measures—and not for any particular man or set of men.

In this great uprising of the people to rescue the government from the monopolists and corruptionists who are straining every nerve to perpetuate their domination we cannot afford to encourage the growth of what Ben. Hill denounced as "personalism in the party." The success of this great crusade for relief and reform depends upon the maintenance of democratic principles and the triumph of the democratic party.

Warned by past experience, we should scrutinize and test our leaders, and decide upon their line of work while there is yet time for consideration. In the coming struggle we need at the front as standard bearers democrats whose availability is as undoubted as their ability. We need tried and true leaders whose names will be a tower of strength. We must push the laggards and the doubtful to the rear.

Briefly, this is THE CONSTITUTION'S idea of the line of conduct that will win a democratic victory next year. We have urged it in season and out of season, and there can be no possible excuse for misunderstanding our position. We have shown how vitally important it is to defeat Harrison or the republican nominee for the presidency who represents his policy. We have put our people upon notice that a republican triumph will fasten upon us McKinleyism, the demonization of silver, and cause the force bill to again loom up as a real danger.

In the midst of these preparations for the fight, when we are literally drilling in front of the enemy, there are men in the democratic camp who respond to no rallying cry, and who turn deaf ears to every alarm. These few malcontents have no plan of campaign, but they are ready with their objections to every plan that is proposed. When they can sound a discordant note they are happy. Just now they have dropped everything else in the effort to show that THE CONSTITUTION is for Governor Hill.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the facts of the case it may be well to say what we have said before in reference to this matter. THE CONSTITUTION has discussed Governor Hill just as it has discussed Mr. Cleveland, General Palmer, Governor Campbell and other prominent democrats. The discussion is timely, and it is more profitable now than it will be later on. If, in a year from now, the issues and features of the campaign point to Governor Hill as our most available leader, then we are for him. If the nature of the situation calls for the leadership of Mr. Cleveland or Governor Campbell or Senator Palmer or some other able and faithful democrat, then he will be our choice. We are not for any one man against the whole democratic field; we are for the success of the democratic field under the trustworthy leader who is best able to win the fight!

But, let it be understood that while we would make no invidious distinctions, we still insist that the head of the democratic presidential ticket should be a democrat first, last and all the time—an active democrat ready to aid his party at all times and everywhere—ready to turn aside from his local affairs to fight the force bill and push the work of reform in other quarters. This is plain enough even for the wayfaring man. We must win this fight, and in order to win we must choose for our leader the best and most available man in the democratic party. This is what THE CONSTITUTION has been saying to its readers from the very first, and these ideas cannot be made too prominent.

## Free Silver in Ohio.

Some of the Wall street organs are making an effort to show that there was division of sentiment in the Ohio convention on the silver question. This effort is based on the fact that a minority of the committee on resolutions carried into the convention a silver resolution which differed in expression

but not in import from the clear, direct declaration approved by the majority. There was really no difference of opinion in the convention on the silver question, but a minority thought that the best policy would be to make something of a compromise by using ambiguous language. The majority thought the safer and sounder policy would be to recognize the importance of the issue, and thus do justice to the purpose of the democratic party.

We think the result will completely justify the judgment and foresight of the majority of the convention. The free coinage issue is not to be sturred, or postponed, or hidden under language that is ambiguous; it must take its place alongside the tariff issue.

There is no respectable or serious opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver among the democrats of Ohio; there was simply a difference of opinion as to whether the demand of the people should be clearly and unmistakably expressed.

**The State and the Veterans' Home.**  
 Next Tuesday the bill providing for the acceptance by the state of the Confederate Veterans' home will be acted upon by the finance committee, to which the matter was referred at the last session of the legislature.

There is a general feeling throughout the state that Georgia will be fortunate in securing this handsome and completely equipped home, with its spacious grounds, for nothing. Of course, if the gift is accepted, the state will have to support it as a soldiers' home for the next twenty-five years, but the property is worth about one hundred thousand dollars now, and at the end of twenty-five years will be worth, experts say, from three hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars. So, even if the expense of keeping it up should amount to \$10,000 a year, the state will still come out ahead.

So much for the economic standpoint. The argument from the loftier plane of duty need not be urged here. Every southern state, except Kentucky, has provided a refuge for its helpless veterans. When they stood between us and an invading enemy we thought that they would never be forgotten or neglected if they survived the war and needed help. And we cannot think that Georgia will neglect them now. If we are not rich enough to build them a home, we are certainly able to accept one as a present and keep it up, especially when every cent that it costs us will be returned with about 100 per cent interest.

**Pauperism in the United States.**  
 The census office has made public some very interesting information in regard to the pauper population of the country.

The number of paupers in almshouses in 1890 is 73,045, as against 66,203 in 1880. These are divided as follows: White males, 37,387; colored males, 3,354; white females, 26,191; colored females, 3,113.

While the number has increased since 1880, the ratio has decreased with our growing population. Of the white paupers, 36,656 are native born, and the others are foreigners. The following gives the statistics by states:

New York, 10,722; Pennsylvania, 8,633; Ohio, 7,400; Illinois, 5,336; Massachusetts, 4,725; Indiana, 2,927; New Jersey, 2,718; Wisconsin, 2,641; California, 2,600; Missouri, 2,278; Virginia, 2,193; Michigan, 2,016; Iowa, 1,621; Maryland, 1,599; Kentucky, 1,578; Tennessee, 1,545; North Carolina, 1,493; Connecticut, 1,438; Maine, 1,161; New Hampshire, 1,143; Georgia, 901; West Virginia, 782; Alabama, 693; Kansas, 583; South Carolina, 574; Vermont, 543; Mississippi, 494; Rhode Island, 490; Texas, 464; Minnesota, 365; Delaware, 299; Nebraska, 291; Arkansas, 223; District of Columbia, 221; Montana, 192; Louisiana, 122; Oregon, 99; Colorado, 87; Washington, 71; Utah, 62; South Dakota, 58; Nevada, 43; North Dakota, 37; Florida, 24; Arizona, 23; Idaho, 20; New Mexico, 1.

Besides the unfortunate in the almshouses, we have the outdoor poor, supported at public expense at their own homes or in private families. These are said to number 24,220.

It will be seen that Georgia has only about five hundred paupers to a million inhabitants, while Illinois has 1,410 to the million, and some of the eastern states have 2,000 to the million. Georgia and other southern states make a good showing in these statistics. One phase of the matter, however, is impossible to investigate, and that is the big total of our tramp population. Some of our stump speakers estimate it at a round million, but more careful students of the situation think that 600,000 will cover this class of people. Even if we accept this estimate, we are far better off than the countries of the old world; but we should not rest satisfied with such a comparison. Under a just system of government that would permit the fullest possible expansion of our commerce and industries, there would be no considerable percentage of pauperism in the United States for a century to come.

Most of our poverty is the outcome of the artificial conditions imposed upon the people by the monopolists and money kings who are trying to run this government.

## "Currency Levels."

The Boston Herald remarks in a casual way that free coinage of silver would inevitably reduce the United States to the currency level of British India. Well, what is the currency level of India? The Herald seems to intimate that it is a terrible thing to contemplate, but if it fits the needs of the people there, what is wrong about it? The mints of British India are open to the free coinage of silver, and, as a result, silver is on a par with gold, but even from the point of view of a financial mugwump and a monopolist, the condition of affairs there is not without its attractions. With the free coinage of silver as its settled policy, British India has caught the knack which is the heart's desire of American monopolists—the knack of drawing a large part of the world's supply of gold to its coffers and holding it.

Let us see what the "currency level" of British India is, so far as gold is concerned. There is no ebb and flow under the reciprocal action going on between nations which employ the single gold standard. The vast stock of gold in India undergoes no diminution, but is, and has been, increasing year by year. It is estimated that India annually adds to her store of gold about \$15,000,000 of bullion, and by this much is the world's supply depleted, since it never returns to the channels of commerce in which the monopolist nations ply their trade.

Between the years 1835 and 1889 India

had absorbed gold amounting to \$631,463,790. Since that time enough of the world's supply of gold has been absorbed by India to bring the amount up to nearly \$728,000,000—a pretty snug sum for a silver country to accumulate. It will be seen that the "currency level" of India is as high, if not higher, than that of any of the monopolist nations. We have here the spectacle of a country which, having clung to bi-metallicism in the face of the world's opposition, is gradually drawing gold from the pockets of its worshippers and storing it away, and at the same time holding silver up to the gold standard.

## As to the Third Party.

A little less than a year ago, when certain sensitive democrats were making arrangements to bolt the nominations of conventions controlled by alliance democrats, THE CONSTITUTION warned them that their course was undemocratic and unpatriotic; that such a movement, persisted in, could but result in irreparable damage to the only party pledged to carry out the wishes of the people; that to disrupt or weaken this party was to remove and destroy the only barrier that stood between the south and danger of negro domination. The movement did not go far for the reason that it had nothing to go on. The oldest and soundest of democratic principles gave to the democratic alliance the right to take an active personal interest in the affairs of their party. All that was new in the alliance movement was the fact that the people took charge of the machinery of the party, and gave the old managing politicians an opportunity to sit on the spectators' benches. This was not agreeable to a great many worthy men, and the result of it was the protest to which we have alluded.

There was the same protest in South Carolina, but of a more serious and threatening nature. In that state it took the shape of a bolt headed by so-called straight-out democrats, and if the republican party had been organized the result would have been disastrous to every interest in the state. In both states—in Georgia and South Carolina—the fight on the alliance has been undertaken by men who call themselves democrats, and in both states their position has been and is indefensible.

In spite of this opposition on the part of politicians who have heretofore been carrying their ballistics in their pockets, the alliance continued to grow in power and influence until, so far as Georgia is concerned, it controls the democratic party and the machinery of legislation. What is true of Georgia is true of most of the other southern states. The alliance is now a power in the land, and its influence grows out of the fact that it is a movement of the people in the direction of reform—a movement which has as its incentive the corrupt legislation of the republican party in behalf of money and monopoly, and which has for its purpose the repeal of this legislation and the enactment of laws in behalf of the true interests of the people.

But now that the alliance has become a power in the south we hear whispers of a third party—rumors of a movement which proposes to take the southern alliance out of the democratic party—and the reason for this, we are told, is the attitude of the democratic leaders and bosses. We have paid little attention to these whispers and rumors, for the reason that we are not prepared to believe that a movement so full of promise as that of the alliance is to be deliberately sacrificed to a project which leads into the wilderness of defeat.

The alliance has everything to gain and nothing to lose by carrying on its fight for reform in the democratic party. The considerations that prevent the alliance of the west and north from uniting with the democratic party are purely of a sectional character. They cannot overcome the prejudices which they have been taught to feel against that organization. In spite of this, however, they are antagonizing the republican rather than the democratic party. Consistently with the alliance of the south, they are opposing the McKinley law, the financial legislation of the republicans and the laws which place the masses at the mercy of the classes. They are opposing the partnership that now exists between the treasury department and Wall street, and they are striving to restore silver to its old place in the currency of the country.

All this the southern alliance is trying to bring about, and the democratic party is engaged in the same work of reform. It would be interesting to know how the reforms demanded are to be brought about by breaking up the democratic party in the south, and thus destroying the strength and efficiency of an organization which is not only working with the alliance, but which is practically controlled by it. Such a movement would have neither reason nor common sense behind it, for when the democratic party of the south is weakened the alliance is weakened in the same proportion, and its hopes of success postponed. There is no gainsaying this proposition. There is no hope outside the democratic party for the success of the reforms which the people are demanding. This is the common sense of the situation, and among the farmers of the south common sense has its abiding place.

As the democratic party succeeds in carrying out its well-defined purposes of reform, so will the alliance succeed. If those who are going about declaring that there is no difference between the democratic and republican parties would devote a little time to building up the democratic organization and wading it

together, they would be doing a great work not only for the farmers, but for the whole people.

Congressman Livingston hits the nail on the head when he says "there is no third party." It is the declaration of an alliance man who is a democrat, and who understands how vital to the success of the alliance is the success of the democratic party. Reforms that are worth fighting for are worth a few compromises. But when the alliance builds up a third party in the south it deserts the high ground it has taken, and inevitably postpones the reforms which are necessary to the prosperity of the farmers.

Mr. HARRISON declares that he is perfectly content with Wanamaker's explanation. A man who could be satisfied with Quay's defense of himself can assuredly swallow Wanamaker's.

A BOSTON STREET and an East Tennessee baby have been named for Mr. Blaine. He ought to whirl in and get well now.

BAR HARBOR will be compelled to add another bar to its attractions if the newspaper reporters continue to go there in search of information.

MR. HARRISON'S doctor is not attending Mr. Blaine.

It is said that Mr. Wanamaker will retire from the cabinet on account of a press of business at his bargain counter. There is no business pressure to call Mr. Quay away, and so he will remain the leader of the republican party.

WHILE HE is moving restlessly about in Ohio, Mr. McKinley should make a speech on the price of wool.

MAYBE RUM could be induced to take Mr. Wanamaker's place in Mr. Harrison's gifted cabinet.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS ago Hon. John E. Ward, formerly Savannah editor, but now New York, graduated at Amherst college. He went out into the world, achieved success at the bar, went to China as United States minister, and held other positions of honor and trust. This summer he delivered an address at the commencement of Amherst, and this old alma mater conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. It goes without saying that the honor so gracefully bestowed by this famous college is highly appreciated by its distinguished alumnus.

A PAPER READ before the international medical congress discussed the new Massachusetts law against drunkenness as follows: "Several marked advantages have already been secured. Rich and poor are treated alike. Those who are sentenced to prison because they have been drunk, and not because they are poor. Whenever imprisonment is thought to be the proper punishment for drunkenness, it is imposed directly by the court, and does not come indirectly on account of the poverty of the prisoner. Though the law has been in operation but two weeks, it was greatly misunderstood by police and other officials, many habitual drunkards have already been sent away for long terms. The old method of sending the drunkards to the almshouse is at an end. Having the discretion to sentence a drunkard, even for his first offense, to imprisonment for a year, and compelled to decide how long the term shall be the courts try these cases with the same care which is bestowed upon those of other crimes. When the guilt of the prisoner has been established, either upon his own plea of guilty or by the testimony of the officers, inquiry is made very carefully into his past record. If he cannot show that he is only an occasional offender he is imprisoned. It is not necessary for the government to allege or prove anything except that the person was drunk. That alone is punishable by a year's imprisonment. The government has nothing to do with the prisoner's habits, and any leniency he may show that he deserves it by satisfying the court that he is not an habitual offender. The government may, if it chooses, show previous arrests after conviction, but not before by way of assisting the court to decide how long the sentence should be. As a matter of fact this is generally done, but it is not obligatory."

MR. PARSONS, the widow of the notorious Chicago anarchist, was in court the other day on account of a row with a man who had been persuaded by her to leave his wife and board with her. Both parties showed black eyes and bruises.

## A FEW SNAP SHOTS.

**The Absent Editor.**  
 The sanctum is deserted, the old subscription book  
 Wears something like a lonely and dispirited look,  
 And from the ceiling where the bat now woos the night's quest,  
 The spider spins his silver thread down to the old hand press.

For the editor has gone away,  
 And will not come again;  
 And the windows bar the sunlight  
 And the roof lets in the rain.

And whether he has gone the old subscriber, old  
 Who thinks of him with eyes made dim by tears  
 That force their way,  
 Pauses beside the weedy door, beneath the wind-blown  
 And his hand falls tremblingly upon the rusty latch.

But the editor has gone away,  
 And will not come again;  
 And the windows bar the sunlight,  
 And the roof lets in the rain.

Gone! And the last subscription's paid; books  
 Closed and laid aside  
 The printed sheets, with news complete, mailed on  
 Its mission vain,  
 And never any sound shall break the stillness of the place.

Nor any light, nor any night bring back a  
 For the editor has gone away,  
 And will not come again;  
 And the windows bar the sunlight,  
 And the roof lets in the rain.

Joe Cain, of the bright Chattanooga News, should go on a starring tour with Bill Nye. But Editor Cain could give Nye points in the game, and then beat him.

We predicted a dearth of Georgia weekly newspapers last week, but they came in just as usual. The creditors of the absent editors doubtless saw and seized their opportunity.

**THE POET'S REVENGE.**  
 "He is the editor!" asked the poet, with a smile  
 "He is," said the drowsy printer; "they run him  
 In last night."

Then the poet laughed—for revenge is sweet—and  
 Gratefully went his way,  
 And softly hummed as he trod the street: "Ten  
 Dollars, or thirty days."

Sid Lewis has on his war paint, and his tomahawk is flying right and left. Sterling Roberts only saves his scalp by being out of the way.

**ONE STRIKE AND OUT.**  
 The Editor—There is one bill that is not likely to come before the legislature.  
 The Delinquent—And what bill is that?  
 The Editor—It is that \$10 bill you owe me for subscription.

**A FEW BILLS FROM NELLVILLE.**  
 A bill to make town loafers try their hands at work once more,  
 And keep from whittling up the box beside the grocery store;

A bill to kill the men who snore, the parson's voice to drown;  
 A bill to move old Jenkin's still just six miles nearer town;

A bill to make it thirty days for painting towns in sport;  
 A bill to make it thirty days for the judge while he is on the bench;

A bill to make all silver free as any mountain still,  
 And a bill to kill the creditor who strikes us with a bill!

A correspondent wants to know the name of the

man who originated the stereotyped phrase: "Now is the time to subscribe." Old Dire Necessity.

Will Wynne is keeping The Fort Valley Leader in the front rank, and he has been pulling in single harness for a week past.

The esteemed Brunswick Times is now devoting its whole time and attention to local issues—the building up of Brunswick and surrounding country. We presume that the silver, whether free or not, is rolling in.

OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.  
 Old Citizen—We want an epitaph for the sheriff's tombstone.

Editor—Well, it should be short, and to the point.  
 Old Citizen—What would you suggest?  
 Editor—"We would not call him back again."

Some one on the staff of The Rome Tribune has been going to church. Witness the following faint parody on an old verse:

"There never was a house of prayer  
 But what the devil roosted there,  
 And though to tell it makes us weep,  
 He got his beloved sleep."

This notable item appears in The Cumming Clarion yesterday:  
 "The Clarion fighting editor packed a borrowed valise with two celluloid collars, a testament, a copy of Marquis of Queensbury rules, and a lot of such mummery and foolery, and two bricks to make it heavy, and took his departure Monday morning singing softly, 'The Summer Girls I Left Behind Me.' No reward is offered for his return."

**He Is a Fraud.**  
 A man by the name of Allein has been in Port Royal, S. C., passing himself as a representative of THE CONSTITUTION. The Chicago Times, and other papers, say that this man has defrauded the people of Port Royal on his assurance that he represented the above papers.

As for THE CONSTITUTION, we know nothing whatever about him.  
 The traveling representatives of this paper bear with them credentials showing their authority to act for us. Allein is a fraud—pass him around.

**A Cry of "Shame!"**  
 From The Fort Valley, Ga., Leader.

The Savannah Morning News reproduced E. W. Barrett's article from Bacon, Ga., describing "Dick Kilgore's Beaver Farm" as coming from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The News well knows this article was first produced in THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION—and, if it doesn't, shame on its staff. It ought to be sufficiently generous and loyal to true-born Georgia writers to have given Mr. Barrett—who is one of the brainiest writers in Georgia—the credit for the article. The News shows want of confidence when it waits for an article from a Georgia writer to be reproduced in several northern papers before it can condescend to copy it, and in this case they invariably give the farthest off paper credit for it. Shame on The News and its staff.

## GENERAL GEORGIA GOSSIP.

It is said that the Sunday school library at Cairo contains, perhaps, the oldest collection to be found anywhere in that part of the state. It is a "Confession of Faith," owned and consented to by the elders and messengers of the churches in the colony of Connecticut, assembled at Saybrook, September 1, 1708, and was printed by a publishing house in New London, Conn., in 1710. The work contains 144 pages, and is bound in leather. One of the backs is off, but with this exception it is not worn much. Their system of rules were of the simplest kind, being for the most part such as are common to all churches. The rules are:

Rule 17 says: "Whilst the moderator is putting any question, or addressing the body, no one shall walk out of or across the house, nor in such case, or when a member is speaking, shall enter the house, or make any noise, or print, or paper, nor whilst a member is speaking shall pass between him and the chair."

The book is a genuine curiosity, and a high value is placed upon it.

The recent purchase by the Savannah board of trade of the Waples property, in that city, was what might be called a big deal with little money. The board had just \$5,000 to its credit. It borrowed \$20,000 from the Penn Mutual Life Association, of Philadelphia, at 6 per cent, for five years, secured by a first mortgage on the building. It will place \$25,000 worth of bonds, secured by a second mortgage on the property, and, with the \$5,000 already in hand, this makes the \$30,000 sufficient to pay for the building and make the proposed improvements. Part of the second mortgage bonds are already placed. In fact, a sixty-thousand-dollar lot has been bought and \$75,000 borrowed to the rate of 6 per cent, and the object of securing the building is to give the board of trade a permanent home and furnish a nucleus upon which to center the interests of the members, and to add to its facilities for collecting and distributing commercial information, and to develop its field of usefulness in every direction. It was a notable transaction, and will bear notable fruits.

The appointment of Judge Fish to fill the unexpired term of Judge Fort, of the Southwestern circuit, seems to be meeting with general approval from press and public. The new judge is the recipient of many flattering compliments in the columns of the state press.

The question as to the authority of the board of roads and revenues to use the convicts on the streets of Rome, is being discussed in different parts of the county. The grand jury meets on Monday, the 20th instant, and The Tribune throws out the following for their consideration:

"In view of the fact that the law giving Floyd county the right to use convicts on the public roads and works of this county, was not so understood and voted upon by the taxpayers, as to authorize the board of roads and revenues to use them in working the streets of any incorporate town in the county, and as it comes in contact with free labor, and for other good and sufficient causes,  
 "We, the grand jury, ask our immediate representatives on the legislature to have the law amended as to authorize the board to turn over one-third of the amount of the tax levied for the county and to the proper authorities of the city of Rome to be used in working the streets."

The Brunswick Advertiser has been interviewing a number of railroad men in regard to their experience with tramps. Said one of them:

"I rather like the way of a conductor friend of mine in north Georgia. He was about fifty miles from Atlanta when he found a train of tramps. He took him back to the cab and demanded the fare. Of course the tramp had no money, and, reaching to the end of the bell-cord, proceeded to use it on the tramp."

"There now," he said, "I have hit you out for every mile to the next station, and you can ride that far."

"After the next station the tramp was found seated in a box in the corner of the car. 'Tramp still had no money, but mildly intimated that he was ready to pay that station's fare in the same way the first had been paid. My friend assented, and fairly tipped his work, the bell-cord playing a lively tune."

"Between every station the same performance was repeated, and as they pulled up in Atlanta the conductor said: 'Well, old boy, you've got more than anything I ever saw, and any time you want to ride on my train on the same sort of a ticket, just come on.'"

"I rode from Atlanta to Macon once in the lion eyes of John Robinson's circus, and wasn't to be deceived by any half-handed conductor and a bell rope."

Rooseball did not seem to be very popular throughout the state until it became known that a bill had been introduced in the house of representatives providing a tax of \$50 on each game of baseball played in the state. Then the editors arose in their wrath and declared against it, the general verdict being that the legislature might as well impose a tax on each military company every time it has a drill. The Georgia editors are thoroughly committed to baseball. How would it do to get up an editorial baseball nine?

## The Constitution's Campaign Documents.

From The Macon Evening News.  
 Not only the people of Georgia, but thousands of persons outside of the state, have taken with great interest and profit the articles written by Henry Jones on the silver question, and recently published in THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. These articles were able and interestingly compiled, and gave more information on the subject in a condensed manner than anything else we have seen or read on the subject.

The national democratic silver committee, with headquarters in New York, sent to THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION an order for 100 copies of those silver letters.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION is an order for 100 copies of those silver letters. The chairman of the committee wrote THE CONSTITUTION that Jones's articles were the most comprehensive of the committee. The chairman ordered 100 copies now, and said the committee might increase the order to 1,000, should a campaign material on the great question of silver that has yet been produced. The chairman of the committee said that the silver question is the most important of the day, and that the people of the entire country are now learning this truth.

## COMMENT ON THE SPEECH.

From The Albany News.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION comes to the aid of one of the best editorialists that has ever written in its columns for a long time.

From The Columbus Enquirer.  
 The public utterances of Hon. Thomas Watson since the congressional first began to be known, his hat, have created the suspicion in the minds of his friends and the thinking public generally, that he is pleased to call it, "concentration" to the service of the people, possibly unjustly, that it is more a concentration of ordinary intelligence will be applied to Mr. Watson.

From The Savannah, Ga., News.  
 The public utterances of Hon. Thomas Watson reported as saying that he could not see any real difference between the democratic and republican parties. There are three plain differences, said the democratic, republican and Ocala papers. The first is the platform was adopted by the people's party, it is fair to assume, therefore, that Mr. Watson is preparing to join the people's party, if he has already done so. He cannot say that there is no difference between the democratic and republican parties. He himself has made a declaration which actually places him in the people's party.

With his convictions he cannot, of course, see any difference between the democratic and republican parties. Those who believe in democracy, however, see a very great difference. The difference so marked that it is pretty evenly divided among the people of the whole country.

And it is safe to say that Mr. Watson's utterances see no difference so clearly that if he had made the declaration the last fall that he had become a member of congress.

No one questions his right to his convictions, but he should not be disappointed if he finds that the people are not those of the majority of the party which has given him its confidence and support.

From The Macon, Ga., Telegraph.  
 Congressman Tom Watson seems to have forgotten that he was elected as a democrat.

Tom Watson also thinks the democratic party is the only party. If a third party is formed, agreeing with President Polk. A list of the names of the bosses in Georgia, whose names Mr. Watson out of the democratic party would make interesting reading, even if it were short.

The Constitution's Silver Letters.  
 From The Macon, Ga., News.



rainfall, etc.

are the only woman in the history of this bank  
who ever endorsed a check on the right end!

ent and can hear the advocates or to discuss the matter.

was humiliated by having to come in

ay, July 21st. Great barbecue. and trip  
to.















W. A. HEMPHILL, President. A. D. ADAIR, Vice President. ALONZO RICHARDSON, Cashier.

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EDWARD S. PRATT, Cashier;

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## MADDOX, RUCKER & CO., Bankers.

**Rose's "Purity" Rye**


**Only at 12 Marietta Street.**  
**PURE RYE-TEA "Purity"**  
 for medicinal use is unequalled in this or any other market, for price, \$1 per bottle.  
 Fine Wines and Brandy is best imported brands, at reasonable prices. We are sole agents for  
 Hoenel's Native Champagne, half price of the imported, and equally as pure.

**THE R M ROSE COMPANY**

12 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
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**ATLANTA, GA., and DALLAS, TEX.**




MANUFACTURERS OF

**Cotton Gins, Feeders,  
Condensers and Presses.**

**COTTON-SEED OIL MILLS,**

ICE MACHINERY



ICE MACHINERY,  
SHAFTING, PULLEYS, WIND-MILLS, TANKS, PUMPS, ETC.

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**THE OLD BOOK STORE** Picture Framing.  
Dealers in 740 Deodorized Gasoline, and Kerosene oil.  
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stoves, Wood and Coal stoves, House-Furnishing goods, etc. 57 and 59 Peachtree street.

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44 Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga.

**HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH** Mantels, Tile and Grates, Gas and Electric  
fixtures; Plumbers, Seacans and Gas Fitters

**STOCKS' COAL CO.** A practical need these winter months. Dealers in Anthracite, Bituminous coal. Wholesale and retail. 97 W. Peters st.

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**HAMPTON & HOLBROOK** Real Estate Brokers, 22 South Broad, invite the public's attention to the fact that they have for sale city and suburban property; also large acreage tracts near the city. We have conveyances always ready to show property.

**THE GREEN STORE** Wholesale and Retail, corner Whitehall and Alabama streets.

**C. J. DANIEL**, 42 Martin Street, Telephone 7-17. Wall Paper, Furniture, Window Shades, Curtains Poles. Room Moulding. The most elegant line of Wall Paper ever brought to this city. Also the most complete stock of furniture and home accessories ever employed.

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**OSLER FURNITURE DEALER**, Sales Room, 500 Baites Street, Headquarters for all the latest and substantial furniture. Also the best of the new patterns for the \$12 Suites of New Furniture.

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**22 South Pryor Street (next to Carshed)**, Real Estate Inc all parts of the city.

<b>LOWRY HARDWARE CO.,</b> Ware and Carpenters' Tools.	34 Peachtree street. Wholesale and Retail Hardware Cutlery, Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Builders' Hard- ware, etc.
<b>ATLANTA RUBBER CO.</b>	16 Decatur Street, Rubber and Leather Belting, Packing Hoops, etc.
<b>EUGENE JACOBS'</b>	Prescription Pharmacy, 55 Marietta street, Old Capitol building.
<b>LESSONS IN OIL</b>	and China Painting at Lyett's Art Rooms, 33 1/2 Whitehall street. Re- duced rates for the summer months, especial training for ladies desir- ing instruction in the sale, writing and painting of pictures.

**D. O. STEWART** Real Estate, No. 4 N. Broad street, Telephone 1084, Atlanta, Ga.

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Enclosures for banks, stores, offices and public buildings. 26 North Broad street, Atlanta, Ga.

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Atlanta, Ga. Mail orders receive prompt and careful at-  
tention.

**SMITH & STONEY** The Purest Drugs and Medicines. Whitehall street, corner Mischick  
Tenn. Awnings and Mosquito Nets. Furniture repaired and upholstered. H.  
**J. J. LOGUE**  
Stamps, Stencils and Steel Stamps. Badges, Door Plates and Numbers.  
**RUBBER STAMPS,** Hotel and Key Checks. Atlanta Rubber Stamp and Stencil  
Works, Telephone 606, 57 South  
**W. A. SCOTT & CO.** Real Estate Agents, city and mineral properties, pine land,  
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**W. H. SPOON CO.,** and farms; money loaned at 8 per cent. Once adjoining  
**MATER & BERKELE** Wholesale, Retail and Manufacturing Jewelers, Diamonds,  
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, etc., resetting diamonds and fine  
timepiece jewelry, repairing a specialty, 52 West 42nd street, New York  
**RELIANCE LIQUOR CO.** Importers and Bottlers, 157 Beacraft street, want \$5,000  
orders for Wines and Liquors, in retail quantities, at  
wholesale prices. Put up in quarts, pints and jugs.  
**THE BEST** College to secure a business or shorthand education is at Moore's Business  
College, Atlanta. Terms reasonable. Time short. Success guaranteed. Send  
for circulars. **W. H. SPOON CO.** Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, 35 Kimball House, Wash.

**WELCH & TURMAN** Street, do strictly a commission business, giving patrons benefits of all margins and advances. Refer to any Atlanta bank.

**THE DRESDEN** China, Crockery, Glassware, Table Cutlery, Lamps, Fruit Jars, Mackinaw Refrigerators, wholesale and retail. We are headquarters for all we sell.

No larger assortment in the city. Prices low. Mueller & Kumpel, No. 23. Fryer street, opposite Kimball House.















## THE GEORGIA HOUSE

THE MEMBERS,  
WHO THEY ARE.Short Sketches of the Members  
of the Lower House.

A NOTABLE BODY OF MEN.

The Large Proportion of Farm-  
ers in Both Houses.

A CONSERVATIVE HOUSE.

And One That Has Accom-  
plished a Great Deal.

The present legislature has earned for itself an enviable place in the history of Georgia. In more respects than one the legislature of 1890-91 is a remarkable one. It is remarkable in its make-up—in that so large a proportion of its members are farmers; and it is remarkable for the great amount of work it has accomplished, and for the conservatism that has marked all of its acts.

It requires but a short investigation to satisfy one's self of the unusually large proportion of representative tillers of the soil in senate and house; while a study of the work of the last session shows that much was accomplished.

We all remember when the returns came in, showing the overwhelming success of the alliance in the legislative elections, how

some predicted extreme legislation and dire results. Others who did not go so far as that, had their misgivings, and were not altogether certain that their friends, the "crackers," might not be half right.

So between the two classes it is safe to say that the work of no general assembly was ever more closely watched; but the legislature has disappointed all its critics, accomplishing much for the good of the state.

During the first session of the legislature, THE CONSTITUTION published a series of sketches of the members of the senate. They were prepared as a slight contribution to contemporary history and were read with interest throughout the state. Today I present similar sketches of the members of the house.

In the house, to a greater extent even than in the senate, is the large proportion of farmers noticeable. A study of their faces and a study of their careers will, I think, be of especial interest.

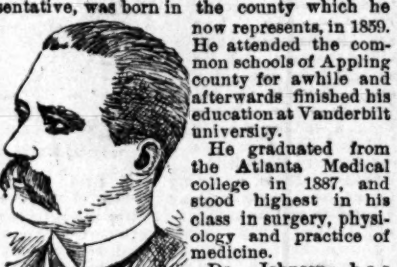
The house organized by the election of Mr. Clark Howell, of Fulton county, as speaker—this after a spilt contest in which gentlemen had several strong opponents. Mr. Howell was, however, elected on the first ballot. Hon. Paul B. Trammell, of Whitfield, was elected speaker pro tem; Hon. Mark Hardin, clerk of the house; Captain R. J. Wilson, of Richmond, door-keeper, and Mr. J. R. Smith, of Coffee, messenger.

In the following sketches I have necessarily been compelled to omit much that is interesting. I am indebted principally to home friends of the members for the information upon which the sketches are based, but the exigencies of newspaper space have made it necessary to omit many incidents and many words of commendation which they so kindly furnished me.

The sketches are presented here arranged by counties alphabetically. All that is possible to present here is the briefest outline of each man's career, enough to make the people of Georgia acquainted with their lawmakers of the lower house. It is an interesting body of men—collectively and individually well known.

J. K. OHL.

Hon. W. W. Johnson, of Appling.  
Dr. W. W. Johnson, Appling county's repre-



representative, was born in the county which he now represents in 1859. He attended the common schools of Appling county for awhile and afterwards finished his education at Vanderbilt university.

Dr. Johnson has never held any other office. He was married during the last session of the legislature to Miss Mamie K. Anthony, of Montgomery county.

Dr. Johnson, although quite a young man, is one of the most popular men in southwest Georgia, and stands at the head of his profession in that section. The Biographical Souvenir of Georgia and Florida for 1888 has quite an interesting biography of Dr. Johnson, and gives numerous interesting incidents of his career.

Dr. L. H. Hand, of Baker.  
Dr. L. H. Hand, representative of Baker county, is one of the best known and strongest men in the southern portion of the state. He was born in Brooks county in 1822. He received a good academic education in Georgia.

He married Miss E. L. A. Bowen. After teaching school for two years, he studied medicine and was graduated from the medical college of M. D. in 1851. He practiced his profession six years in Houston county, then he moved to Baker county where he has since resided, pursuing his profession and farming.

He has never been an active candidate for office, though often persuaded to become one. In 1885 he was a delegate to the constitutional convention, and was a member of the legislature in 1885-86. He represented the ninth district in the constitutional convention of 1877, and after that he was out of public service until 1888, when he was elected senator from the ninth district. In 1890 when asked to become a candidate for the house, he urged his friends in a public meeting to find someone else who would be acceptable, as he had no desire to re-enter public life. But he was elected without opposition, and is one of the strongest men in the house. Dr. Hand is a leading alliance man and president of the alliance organization of the second congressional district. He is one of the first physicians in his section, and it is no exaggeration to put him down as one of the leading men of his county and section of the state.

Hon. Robert Whitfield, of Baldwin County.  
Hon. Robert Whitfield, the distinguished representative of Baldwin county, was born in that county October 18, 1832. He was educated in Jasper county common schools. Afterwards he attended the Mercer university in Kentucky, and was graduated at the State university in 1870.

Prominent among his classmates were Hon. Charles L. Bartlett, Hon. Washington Desau, Walter B. Hill, E. H. Harris, of Macon; Judge H. C. Roney, of Augusta, and Judge C. G. Jones. After graduating, he practiced law three years in Jackson, Ga., and then removed to Milledgeville, where he has since lived and practiced his profession. He married Miss Etta Harris, of Macon, in 1877, and their only child, a son, was elected solicitor general of Ocmulgee circuit, in 1878, and held that office until 1888, when he resigned to become senator from the twentieth district.

When his term as senator expired, he was elected to the present house. He is a member of the state democratic executive committee. He is chairman of the judicial committee, and is on the finance, general judicial, reapportionment and lunatic asylum committees. He is the author of several important pieces of legislation. He introduced in the senate a resolution creating a commission to settle the betterment question, but it was defeated by five votes. Several of the members of the legislature were suggested by him for resolution. He also introduced the famous insurance bill which has created so much talk, and has been made special order for next Tuesday.

He has introduced a new bill this session, requiring all Georgia corporations to keep their books, and have their stockholders' meetings at their principal offices in this state, and to keep them open for the inspection of certain officers, and providing a penalty for their failure to do so. He contemplates the introduction of several important bills relating to the criminal laws of the state. He has been a special advocate of the lunatic asylum and its management, and the trustees recently voted him a thank for his services.

Hon. M. L. McDonald, of Banks.  
Hon. M. L. McDonald, of Banks, is a native of the county which he represents in the present general assembly. He was born in 1839, and was educated in the common schools of his native county.

He joined the Second Georgia regiment, in 1861, and went into the war, after which, in 1865, he went back to farming and running a sawmill. He has been very successful as a farmer. In 1880 he was elected tax collector of Banks county, which office he held for four years. He has been a justice of the peace for some time. He never failed to come to the legislature, but was induced by the wishes of his constituents, strongly expressed, to make the race, which he successfully did, over a strong opponent who sought the nomination. He has done some good work for his county, and makes a representative of whom his fellow citizens may well be proud.

Hon. W. L. Le Conte, of Bartow.  
William Louis Le Conte was born in Liberty county, Georgia, December 28, 1838. His father was the eldest brother of Drs. Joe and John Le Conte, now professors in the State university of California. His mother, a daughter of Dr. James Nisbet, of Athens, and sister to late Judge Eugene A. Nisbet.

At the age of twelve his mother moved to Macon where he lived to the age of majority. In the winter of 1855-56, he entered the State university at Athens, where he remained as a student a year and a half, entering the Presbyterian college of Oglethorpe university near Milledgeville, when his two uncles resigned their professorships at

Athens to accept positions in the State university of South Carolina. He graduated at Oglethorpe in 1860, and in a short while bought land and went to farming in Marion county, Tennessee, near the line of Dade county.

In April, '61, when the Second Georgia battalion was hurried off to Norfolk, he hastened to enlist in the Floyd Rifles, of Marion county, Tennessee, near the line of Dade county.

He graduated from Atlanta Medical college in 1887, and stood highest in his class in surgery, physiology and practice of medicine.

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committee on printing, and was also a member of the committee on special judiciary, academy deaf and dumb, immigration and labor, corporations, internal improvements, privileges and elections. As a member of the committee on internal improvements, which committee had charge of the Okefenokee swamp bill, he protested against the sale of the swamp under the bill. He was elected to the present legislature without opposition, running ahead in the primary for nomination of any other candidate. He is married, has eight children, is a member of the Presbyterian church, being elder in name, and is engaged in farming, as well as the newspaper business, being editor and proprietor of The Carroll Free Press.

Hon. G. W. Harper, of Carroll.  
Carroll county has a good and worthy representative. It is Hon. G. W. Harper, who was born in 1824. He was born in the county which he now represents, in January, 1845. He received his early education in the common schools of Carroll county, and also attended Bowden college, in Carroll county. For some time he taught school, and then for eight years was engaged in the practice of law in his native county. Tiring of the law profession he has since followed. In 1864 he entered the Confederate army and joined the Tenth Georgia cavalry, which fought in Virginia. He was a corporal in this company, and was with him in the surrender. He has never been an office seeker, but has always led a quiet life, and his entrance into the public service from his election as representative from the county in which he resides in the year 1886. His course has been so gratifying to his constituents that they have elected him to this responsible position for three successive terms.

Hon. William Clifton, of Chatham.  
Hon. William Clifton, the old war horse of Chatham county, is certainly as well known as any man of his years in Georgia. That he is popular, too, is shown by the many endorsements he has received for the position of congressman-at-large, should such an officer require to be chosen. Mr. Clifton was reared in Savannah county, and in 1877 located in Savannah. In 1880 he was supervisor of the county for the fifth district, appointed as a democrat by President Hayes. He has been chairman of the democratic congressional executive committee for two years. This is his second term in the legislature, and he has a reputation to be envied. Mr. Clifton is a bachelor, but his record in the house shows that he has a special fondness for the fair sex.

Major G. M. Ryals, of Chatham County.  
Major G. M. Ryals, the heavy-weight legislator from Chatham county, was born in Virginia in 1839. He was educated at Buckingham seminary, Buckingham county, Virginia. He was sheriff of his native county at the breaking out of the war, but resigned, and enlisted as a member of the Cumberland Guards, and was in the historic Peninsula campaign, under General Magruder. He was made lieutenant in the regular service in 1863 for meritorious conduct.

and then came back to Virginia. He was one of John Stuart's staff until his death, was then on the staff of Wade Hampton, and afterwards on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee till the close of the war. He went to Savannah in 1869 and engaged in a drayage business, and afterwards combined with this cotton planting and truck farming.

Major Ryals has been chairman of the democratic executive committee of the first district for several years. He never held any office previous to his election as representative. He was married during the war to Miss Lizzie Kennedy, who died after a few years. His second wife, Miss Anna W. Green, of Greenville, S. C. He is one of the most prominent truck farmers in the south, and raises large quantities of vegetables for northern markets. He has some valuable ideas on farming. Major Ryals is regarded as the phenomenal planter in his section. "But," says he, "there's nothing wonderful about it. This is God's own country, and Savannah is headquarters of that, and any man can succeed who don't spend more time making."

Hon. Gaspard Hartridge, of Chatham.  
Hon. Gaspard Hartridge, of Chatham county, was born in Savannah in 1859. He was educated at the University of Georgia, at Princeton college, from which latter institution he was graduated in 1879. He was admitted to the bar in 1881, but abandoned law for journalism after a few years. He has been editor of The Savannah Times for the last five years. Last month, however, he sold his interest in the paper and resigned the editor



and till the spring of 1871  
the consequence of falling here  
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where he now resides.  
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Hon. F. D. Brown, of For  
F. D. Brown, of Forsyth  
county in 1849, and was  
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He was married to  
Adeline Stanford in 18  
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of the county, and is a member of the board of education. He is a member of several important committees of the house. Mr. Brown is an alltime to the core, and in the house has taken a strong stand on every question calculated to the benefit of the farmers. He is a conservative earnest worker and has the respect of his fellow men.

**Hon. Clark How-ell, of Me.**

Speaker Clark Howell needs no introduction to the people of the state. He was born in 1863 and was raised in Atlanta, Georgia, and received a liberal and early education in the public schools, and then entering the State University, where he was graduated, of which he is a graduate. His education, he entered journalism, held positions on The Philadelphia Record and the New York Times. While on the

He was mammoned  
night editorship of THE CONSTITUTION  
short time he was made assistant  
editor, and upon Mr. Gray's  
managing editor. He married  
Barbara, daughter  
Augusta. He was first elected  
term in 1856, and has been a rep-  
three successive terms, the ass-  
and '78, receiving the highest  
the candidates in each of the  
which he was nominated. He  
speaker of the present house on  
and by a large majority of the  
serve.

**Hon. J. B. Goodwin, of**  
Hon. John B. Goodwin, repre-  
Fulton, was born in Cobb coun-  
of September, 1830. He is a son  
H. and Mrs.



win, who was best known for his highly respected county win acquired English ed schools at 13. In 1968-69 he was in a merch Powder Sp 1970 rems and enters of Gartrell


law student. He was admitt at one being the practice of continued until 1972, when he a reporter on The Daily Her, 1973, while still with The nominated as councilman from and was elected to serve on 2 was elected alderman for 1982 was elected mayor over 2 petitions. His name was before

convention in 1850, and was elected to a seat in the United States Senate in the interest of party. In 1853 he was elected city attorney and in 1854 he was re-elected to the same office. He married in 1877, to Miss Emma McAfee, W. W. McAfee, a well-known builder of Atlanta. He was a prominent member of the primary in 1890 of Fulton, and was elected warden. He has served his constituents well in their interest all the time.

Hon. E. W. Martin,  
Hon. E. W. Martin is a young man born in Meigs county. He received his education at Woodford College, South Carolina, where he graduated with honors. He is a son of Colonel John M. Martin, a brave confederate soldier, and now a prominent citizen of Ocala, Fla. He began the practice of law here in Atlanta in 1878, and has since kept up an excellent business, and made quite success. Previous to his

ature, the only public officer held was that of police and has introduced one of the measures which have come out of the house during his administration to the primary equality, and his election to his constituents and man-

**Hon. T. W. Craig**  
Hon. Thomas W. Craig, twenty whose representation





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is regarded one of the most  
of Dawson. Mr. Craig  
woman and child in the o

more popular.

**Hon. J. H. Kitchen**  
Hon. J. H. Kitchen, of  
Horton in that county in 1850  
anywhere else. His  
father was a farmer be-  
fore him, and the son has  
followed the same occu-  
pation. He was educa-  
ted in the old Seld-  
schools; he also learned  
the trade of carpentering,  
which he followed for a  
good while. His wife  
was a Miss Kitchen, of  
Clascock county. For  
eight or ten years he  
has been county sur-  
veyor of that county. He  
now follows the business  
addition runs a mill.

**Hon. John W. Swain**  
Hon. John W. Swain is  
district, South Carolina

A black and white portrait of John W. Swain, a man with dark hair, a high forehead, and a serious expression, wearing a suit and tie. The portrait is framed by a decorative border.

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continued teaching, and  
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e went to Dawson,  
at May, 1865, wit















## A WITNESS TO THE FACT

WOMEN ARE NOT HOWLING SCISSORS ON THE JURY.

An Example From Life on the High Seas Which should be Sufficient Warning for All Attorneys General on Land.

From The Nashville Herald.

"So far as that is concerned," said the major, as he shifted his cigar from one side of his bushy gray mustache to the other, "I have seen it tried."

"Did it work well?"

"As I said at the beginning," returned the major impressively, "I never talk where a woman is against me—neither will I break my rule by expressing my opinion of a self-evident fact. I'll tell the story and let you judge for yourself."

They had been discussing the various duties of life for which woman was fitted, and the young normal graduate had added fuel to an already warm debate by declaring that in moral judgment woman is superior to man. She is more conscientious about forming an opinion, the normal graduate continued, and if woman were to sit on juries instead of the unprincipled and conscienceless men who usually connive in the perversion of justice, there would be more wickedness punished in this world, and fewer offenders would be allowed to hold the upper hand in society while honest people suffer.

The young lawyer begged leave to differ, and the major supported him.

"The experience I refer to," he said, "will always be memorable to me and to the others, I guess, who participated in it."

"I was present on one of the German Lloyd steamers about ten years ago, and we had been making a smooth journey of it, on one summer trip. It was just after the school commencement season, and three-fourths of the passengers were ladies. There was a young fellow aboard from Georgia, I believe, who was traveling alone, and who expected to have a very cool supply of cash when he first started out."

"He soon became the victim, however, of one of the most unprincipled scoundrels I ever saw, a desperate blackguard, who made his living crossing and recrossing the ocean and fleecing the passengers at cards."

"He was a Spanish-Mexican, and a devilish handsome fellow. I saw him afterwards in Saville, where he had a wife living—as pretty a woman as a man ever laid eyes on."

"Well, gentlemen and ladies, this young Georgian was fresh meat for the scoundrel. They were at their cards early and late. It was a pity to see him. The Spaniard knew he had him, and was playing him like a cat and a mouse."

"Little by little that young man's money was crossing the green, and the game was worked so nicely that he thought every loss would be his last. He was so sure luck would change that he got into it. He was pale and sick from excitement."

"One day the Spaniard got reckless in his cups and bungled, I guess, for at all once the young southerner was at his throat and swearing he had cheated."

"I never saw such a desperate look as that Spaniard turned on when several officers rushed up. He was a man who had been had by his own first instinct was to strike back again. He was scared and self-assured at the same time. His face was red, his eyes were dancing from his assailant to the spectators and back again, and the deck was a scene of confusion."

"It was the worst of a second, and the next he was struggling in the grasp of a dozen men, who had put a rope around his neck and were hurrying to the side of the ship."

"It was here the women came in. The murder occurred at an hour when the deck was thronged with passengers, and the situation was understood in a flash."

"There were screams and cries for pity and loud appeals for us to stay our hands. There were delicate white hands clinging to our coats, and before anything could be done the whole aspect of the affair had changed so that the gentleman on his honor could follow out the plainest duty of the moment."

"From some motives of policy the captain took no active part in what followed. The fate of the murder was turned over into the hands of the passengers, and our good will to the blackie was so generally questioned that the ladies insisted on taking a hand in the trial."

"A jury of twelve ladies, school teachers, school girls and professional excursionists was impaneled with small regard to opinions previously formed or expressed."

"A lawyer from some northern state volunteered to defend the prisoner, and I have had very little respect for that man since, although his name is a household word today, and he has figured prominently in politics."

"There was considerable talk about the trial. The examination of witnesses was close and the course pursued by the prosecution was vigorous and aggressive. The scoundrel's character was freely ventilated, and shown to be of the blackest sort."

"The details of the crime and the devilish system of robbery which led up to it, were fully emphasized."

"In the meantime, that villain sat and wept. Tears stood in his handsome dark eyes, and his cheeks were pale with every token of remorse. His long, waving black hair was matted on his forehead, and he was the picture of wretched despair."

"He had already been exalted from the lynch's rope to the seat of a murderer on trial, and, damn me, sir—begging your pardon, miss—before you don't happen to have an argument that westerner had made him an archangel."

"Every member of that whole blessed jury was crying. The poor, poor, poor fellow! and when the blamed lawyer stood lower than I ever saw a gentleman stoop, and ask for pity and mercy upon the devil whose life had doubtless been under bad influences, and who would have been a Sunday school superintendent if it hadn't been for misleading companionship; there was one grand burst of sympathy."

"Public sentiment, of which that jury was the center, became so strong in favor of the gambler that the young Georgian was made out to be a criminal for having crossed the path of this ill-starred, but well-meaning imp of Satan, and tempted him to wrong."

"The foreman of the jury took her lace handkerchief from her bosom and passed it down to him as he sat blubbering with the rest of them. A pretty, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl was at the end of the row, and she rose from her seat on the jury and dampened the handkerchief before she offered it to him."

"The gentlemen passengers realized that the trial was absolutely fair, and gave up trying to bring the murderer to the swift justice which these on board ship felt it their right to mete out."

"The jury was finally allowed to retire and an immediate verdict of not guilty was expected. They were very earnest about it, although the rest of us had got to thinking of it as a joke. We waited for the result of their consultation. Twenty minutes slipped away. Then it lengthened into an hour. The judge got down and the court was resolved into a group of curious passengers, who expressed to each other at intervals the deepest interest in the secret deliberations of the 12 women in the cabin below."

"Sunset, and the bells for dinner, but still no jury. Finally they filed up the steps and gathered at the point where the judge met them. They were immediately surrounded by every passenger aboard, and ears were strained to catch every word that fell from the foreman's lips."

"Have you agreed?" asked the judge.

"No sir," she replied.

"How is the jury divided?"

"I don't know, your excellency."

"In any event of law you wish explained in order to aid your decision?"

"No sir," we understood the law."

"Why do you not come to a verdict? Would you prefer to postpone decision until tomorrow?"

"No sir," said the foreman, suddenly gaining firmness, "I will have nothing more to do with this jury nor another instant. I would not again assume the responsible position I now hold, sir, for any consideration. The poor man has been maligned and abused by the members of this jury until my ears revolt at the sound of their voices. Everything went

## A NEGRO CONFEDERATE IN CAMP.

off smoothly enough at first until one lady who was admiring the fine Spanish face of the accused, was interrupted by the most ignominious insult that he was a Mexican.

"Judge!" cried the blue-eyed girl, springing to her feet, "I demand the right to speak. I mean no malice to the prisoner by saying, 'He was a Mexican.' I believe there are as good men in Mexico as there ever was in Spain, and it is traitorous to our own country to speak otherwise."

"Whoever heard of such rank heresy?" asked a Boston excursionist, turning in her chair and appealing to the crowd. "Has Mexico ever produced a Ferdinand, a Phillip V., an Isabella?"

"Then that whole jury opened up. Each woman on it was a volcano loaded to the neck for or against Mexico, and she took her crowd of listeners and harangued them vociferously. The passengers became involved in the debate. A splendid, full chested jury lady, colored the judge and talked Prescott to him by the mile."

"The Mexican war was kept up for three days. The court never was convened again, nor was sentence passed. The blackie was kept under guard, but he was the lion of that ship. Every effort was put forth to make him respect himself, and so jealously did the ladies protect him that while we were landing there was a grand final dispute about putting him in the boat. The boat touched the pier while the discussion was still high, and in the midst of it the prisoner escaped."

"That is certainly a very remarkable story," said the normal graduate.

"With an iron throat."

This Man Would Defy the Garroter or the Professional Hangman.

One of the best-known members of a local athletic club is known as "the man with the iron throat." Says The New York Herald.

Not that it is iron-clad, but because no amount of pressure that has yet been applied to that portion of his anatomy has been sufficient to strangle him or stop his breathing.

There was a jolly party of gentlemen in an evening cafe, and the other night they were drinking wine. During a lull in the conversation the iron-throated man made this remark:

"I notice that you are all pretty good wine-drinkers, but you don't know how to drink. This is the way to do it."

And the next moment he had drained his glass, having literally "poured it down."

"In that way, gentlemen," he added, "you lose no time, and can tack away a great deal more fluid than if you sat here sipping by the hour."

Two persons, however, agreed with him, and one or two bodies intimated that he could not repeat the performance.

"I'll agree to drink two quart bottles of the stuff," he retorted. "If I fail I will pay for them. If I succeed you must not do so."

The challenge was accepted, the wine produced, and the drinker began work in his favorite style.

Within twenty minutes, nothing except empty bottles and glasses were before him. He had won the wager, and his spectators were agitated. Every drop of the champagne had been poured down his throat as before.

Acting apparently under the influence of the wine he had disposed of, the hero of the occasion made another proposition.

"I think," he said, somewhat effusively, "that I have the most remarkable throat in the world. I have given you one illustration of it, and I am now ready to exhibit another. I would like to have some gentleman with a strong grip—the stronger the better—to choke me in such a manner that I will be unable to talk or breathe. If you succeed I will forfeit \$10."

Instantly the offer was accepted by a man who had once won a prize in heavy-weight wrestling championship. He stepped forward and the iron-throated man stood up.

"Don't be afraid of hurting me," he said, "be sure to squeeze as hard as you know how."

Then he drew himself up to his full height, and the athlete clutched him tightly around the throat with both hands. More and more we pressed, but without producing any visible effect. Perspiration started upon the athlete's brow as he further contracted his fingers, but the subject only smiled and then whistled a strain from a popular air.

But still the athlete struggled to make an impression upon the seemingly impenetrable throat. It was, however, in vain.

"What do you think, my boy?" inquired the wonder. "You are exerting yourself at all, are you?" and then the victim gave up in despair.

"Well," remarked the athlete as he relaxed his hold, "you are the most remarkable man I ever saw, for a fact. Why, my fingers are stiff and cramped, but you seem to be all right. What is the secret?"

"I, however, succeeded in extracting the story from him, and I give it in his own words:

"In the first place, you must have confidence. That is absolutely essential. If you wish to pour down a glass of wine, you have to do it to make the muscles of your throat rigid, open your mouth, and let the wine flow down. Don't try to swallow it, for if you do you are liable to come near strangling to death."

"Well, how about the other trick?" I asked.

"You are right," he responded, "it is to some extent a trick, but it is very easy to perform. It is explained in a few words. First draw your head backward and downward and strain the muscles of the neck. Keep them so, and your friend may squeeze until he is tired without doing you any harm."

"The reason," he added, "for drawing your head down is that your jawbone more or less comes in contact with your friend's fingers and to a great extent precludes the possibility of compressing the larynx. Oh, yes, it is necessary to have well-developed muscles, but they can be acquired if you don't happen to have 'em. As for myself," he said in conclusion, "I have not been strangled yet and I am still in the field."

Biliousness, constipation, torpid liver, piles, cured by Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, 50 doses 25c. Samples free at druggists by mail, 25c. DR. J. C. MILES, CO., ELKHART, IND.

Chautauque Lake on the Erie Railway.

Midway between Cincinnati and New York, the finest summer resort in America, 700 feet above and 1,400 feet above the sea. No mosquitoes, no malaria, no hay fever. Three times a week with Pullman cars every day from Cincinnati to Lakewood, the distributing point for the entire lake. Tickets good June 1st to October 31st. Be sure your tickets read "Chautauque Lake, N. Y."

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A Texas Judge on an Important Question.

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## A NEGRO CONFEDERATE IN CAMP.

In the discussions which occasionally come up about veterans whose war records may be considered a little "shady," there are many things said which may seem appropriate for consideration.

One man, an outsider, will say he was as good a soldier as any man, and is a true veteran, but he does not care to be a member of our association, because he does not wish to associate with a man who is a "shady" character.

Some of the men who are "shady" are not "black sheep." Well, of course, such a remark as that has no force as an argument against an association of good veterans. The same sort of pretext keeps some pretentious people out of the church, but their absence does not hurt the church any more than the admission of a wicked person into it.

People who use such remarks as argument, are not generally any better or truer veterans or Christians than those they pretend to despise and avoid. Sometimes it is asked, how comes such and such men as members. They come with pretensions of honesty, but this cannot bring any discredit upon the true merit and integrity of those who do really possess it.

I had my thoughts directed recently to this line by the discussion of the merits of some who have been improperly admitted to membership of the veterans' association. If bad men will seek association with good men, perhaps they ought not to be severely criticized for such conduct, though it may be admitted that only true men should seek to obtain places where true merit is to be the test.

On the line of being a true veteran of the "lost cause," can there be any line or limit for admission to associations, on account of color or previous condition, if one were in the line of service in a battle? Can a "colored troop" be a confederate veteran? There is some discussion of taking the negroes as soldiers during the war, but it was not adopted as a war measure, but if they really went into battle and fought it, could he now be called or admitted to be a veteran? Wouldn't such one be as much of, and as good, a veteran as some of our citizens who were never in battle? He would be a soldier in a shady place?

This matter came to my consideration a few days ago by listening to Captain J. W. English tell a story of a negro who belonged to him. Captain English is a well-known man, a regular confederate soldier, and did his duty as steadily and as bravely as any who were the gray. When he entered the service he took with him a regular confederate soldier, and was a camp servant. His name was Jack. He was a good negro, and Captain English thought very much of him, and he likewise was very fond of his "Mars Jim."

Thinking apparently under the influence of the wine he had disposed of, the hero of the occasion made another proposition.

"I think," he said, somewhat effusively, "that I have the most remarkable throat in the world. I have given you one illustration of it, and I am now ready to exhibit another. I would like to have some gentleman with a strong grip—the stronger the better—to choke me in such a manner that I will be unable to talk or breathe. If you succeed I will forfeit \$10."

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## A NEGRO CONFEDERATE IN CAMP.

the responsibility of providing for his own ways and means of welfare.

In the days just after the war, Atlanta was the rendezvous of a variety of poor and profligate humanity, adventurers and sharpers of all sorts. The yankee soldiers were stationed here as a garrison, and negroes poured into the city from all over the country.

Jack was here, and not knowing all the ways for taking care of himself, soon fell into the hands of a raffish gang of idlers, who began to feel their freedom, and the feeling was that they were the special pets of the army, and must have a good time in promiscuous drinking as much as they pleased. Jack was hardly knowing how he was drifting away from the influences of the old time, when "Mars Jim" was the guide and guardian.

Jack became a regular loafer and drunkard, and his freedom was but a transition to another form of slavery more ignominious and more degrading than that from which he had just emerged, as a result of the war. After loitering and loafing about Atlanta a couple of years, becoming so debauched and debased that he could no longer make headway in the city, he eventually drifted to his old former home at Griffin. There he still loafed and idled away his time for a year or two, till on one occasion his former owner and master, "Mars Jim," went to the old home also, on a visit. There he met up with Jack, who still loved his "Mars Jim" as though he were still his slave. Jack was proud to see him, but felt somewhat ashamed of his present condition. He had given up his old profession since "Mars Jim" had set him free after the war, for he remembered that Jack would never agree nor admit that the yankees had "set him free."

"Mars Jim" his word in the army that he would never join the enemy, and he has never to this day given them any credit for his freedom. But the captain was very much displeased at Jack's unclean and miserable appearance, and he decided to make an effort to improve him and to reclaim him. So he asked Jack to take a walk with him. Jack assented, and the captain told him that he had had as good a chance as he, the captain, had had, for making himself comfortable since the war, and that instead of using his chances for good, he was simply idling away his life as a vagabond and a drunkard. He also told Jack then that he would keep posted about him, and if he ever heard of him taking another drop of liquor, he would thrash him again, and if he did not mend his ways, he would go to work, he would "wear him out" again, the next time he should see him.

It was a double lesson, of temperance and industry. Jack began to realize that "Mars Jim" was in earnest, and was himself again as in the days before the war. He begged forgiveness for his bad conduct, and promised to do better. Then he said to the captain in a piteous tone, as if he was thoroughly repentant: "Mars Jim, if you will tell me what to do I will do it; I will abide by your advice." The captain then told him he was pleased to hear such words from him, as he had learned to believe that Jack had a high regard for the honor of his word. He then told Jack to go to some good man, any good farmer about Griffin, and live with him, and go to work under the direction of such employer, and to work faithfully and keep sober. Jack promised, and they separated. The captain returned to his home in Atlanta. He heard of Jack as he went, and he was glad to hear that Jack was working as steadily as he needed to be, and was a "boss" hand in the field. The captain prospered, and has become one of the leading wealthy men of Atlanta. He says that when he went to Griffin again, Jack came to see him, and to gladly greet him as a benefactor. The captain owned a small farm there, and he made a contract with Jack to take charge of it. He gave Jack \$25 as a present. Jack went on the captain's farm the next year, and has remained there ever since, one of the faithful, and has accumulated property of his own, lives "as sober as a judge," has gained the respect and confidence of the neighbor farmers, does not meddle with politics, and is regarded as a model negro. He comes to Atlanta to see "Mars Jim" every Christmas, and always returns with a present. Jack went on the captain's farm the next year, and has remained there ever since, one of the faithful, and has accumulated property of his own, lives "as sober as a judge," has gained the respect and confidence of the neighbor farmers, does not meddle with politics, and is regarded as a model negro. He comes to Atlanta to see "Mars Jim" every Christmas, and always returns with a present. Jack went on the captain's farm the next year, and has remained there ever since, one of the faithful, and has accumulated property of his own, lives "as sober as a judge," has gained the respect and confidence of the neighbor farmers, does not meddle with politics, and is regarded as a model negro. He comes to Atlanta to see "Mars Jim" every Christmas, and always returns with a present.

Jack still has a high regard for the keeping of his own word, and has great confidence in "Mars Jim." Is not Jack a worthy veteran?

ROBERT L. RODGERS.

How a King Keeps Cool.

From Harper's Young People.

The king of Siam is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the king during the hottest heat of the summer. The walls, ceilings and floors are formed of pieces of plate glass an inch thick. These are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is twenty-eight feet long and seventeen wide, and stands in the middle of a huge basin made of beautifully colored marbles.

When the king enters the pavilion the single door is closed and cemented. Then the sluice gates are opened and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises until the pavilion is covered and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest pavilion, this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the reason why the king of Siam keeps himself in hot weather. It sounds very delightful.

What to Eat and Where to Get It.

No



## NOTES ABOUT BARGAINS

### —AT— KEELY COMPANY'S

We want to lose some more money. Our advertisements have often raised the question of wise and judicious money losses. Another practical illustration this week. We own at present many thousand yards of seasonable dress fabrics in cotton and wool that we expect will not be ours tomorrow evening. They represent styles that famous makers have crowned as their worthiest, and the prices are made without regard to cost or recognized value. Our special and formal Bargain Invitations never touch meagre quantities or uninteresting items.

## REVOLT OF PRICES.

At 10c; Pretty Printed Pongees, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Figured Plaid Muslins, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Fine French Batiste, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Printed French Mulls, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Best Pineapple Cloths, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Figured India Linens, worth 20c.  
At 10c; Printed Sea Island, worth 20c.

Having decided to lose, we propose to lose enough to make quick work. Thus you may give a dash and spice of elegance and variety to your midsummer outfit without tarrying long over the expense. The spacious circular counters in the main aisle are surrendered to this occasion. Remember, a sale of such nature is only possible between seasons when room is ample and help abundant.

"A chiel's amang ye taking notes  
And, faith, he'll prent 'em."

And that's what the stuffs at the Scotch Gingham counter might have said yesterday as the advertising "chiel" fingered the bonnie goods. But types can never give ye the grace of the dyes, and a newspaper can't reproduce style and effect.

## PROFITS HAVE VANISHED

At 12c, Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 20c.  
At 15c, Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 25c.  
At 19c, Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 30c.  
At 25c, Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 40c.  
At 30c, Fine Scotch Gingham, worth 50c.

There have been scores of new cotton stuffs introduced during recent seasons, but nothing has replaced Ginghams. To omit them would acknowledge this an incomplete Dry Goods Store. They hold their position in public favor imperial and secure. Our display is unprecedented in point of richness and cheapness.

How About Your Sporting Shoes?  
A great, grand line of regular goods salute you here at prices oddly low.  
How About Your Summer Shoes?  
Fancy would grow weary with the telling of them. The dandy stock is here.  
How About Your Staple Shoes?  
You do not want to read argument about Shoes today. We can make one about our \$2.00 Shoes that no Atlanta lawyer can refute.

## WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE.

Here's another blundering importer of Organdies and Challis that must take the medicine of loss and disappointment. "Too late" the laureate sang, and human hearts echo the sad refrain. Let him write "Too many" and the French will forget the "Marseillaise" and the German the "Watch on the Rhine," as in a common harmony of sorrow they mourn departed profits on Swiss, Organdies and Challis.

## A TRINITY OF ECONOMY.

At 25c; French Organdie, worth 50c.  
At 30c; German Swiss, worth 50c.  
At 39c; French Challis, worth 60c.

They are not remnants of old patterns, but the best, freshest and handsomest styles we've shown this season. These exclusive things were never before leveled so low. But these are days of acute price prickings.

## JUST CAUGHT ANOTHER

This time an overloaded Dress Goods don. Being merciful we relieved him of a great lot of Wool Challis, finest domestic, in the most expensive designs, such as have been active at 20 cents. They await you at 12½c.

## VALUES OVERTHROWN.

Pretty Figured Lawns at 3½c.  
Light Ground Challis at 3½c.  
Dark Ground Challis at 4½c.

The hard dimes in the keeping of the prudent people will freely flow way.

## KEELY COMPANY.

THE FAIR

YARD WIDE  
BLEACHING  
5c YARD.

THE FAIR

Fine Wool Challis,  
12½c Yard,  
(the 25c kind).

THE FAIR

JELLY  
TUMBLERS  
45c dozen.

## Our Flag Continues to Wave Over Genuine Bargains

WE WON'T TALK MUCH, BUT WE WILL JUST GIVE YOU THE "FIGGERS."

THE FAIR. 40-inch Black Lace Netting, 32c yard.  
THE FAIR. Genuine Canton China Silk, 49c yd.; the kind that will wash.  
THE FAIR. Surah Silk, 29c yard.

42 1-2c.

### MONDAY MORNING ONLY.

42 1-2c.

24in. wide.

Fine figured China Silks at 42½c; worth 75c.

24in. wide.

THE FAIR. French Gingham, 19c yard.  
THE FAIR. Bed Ticking, 7c yard.  
THE FAIR. Yard-wide Bleaching, 5c yard.  
THE FAIR. Choice of best Lisle Vests, 33c.  
THE FAIR. Fast black Hose, 10c.  
THE FAIR. Fine Linen-bosom Shirts, 37c.

### MONDAY ONLY.

\$1.00.

Choice of Finest Shirt Waists, \$1.00.

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THE FAIR. Finest Embroidered Flouncing, 75c yard.  
THE FAIR. Fast Black Lawn, 7c yard.  
THE FAIR. Silk Lace, 3 inches wide, 15c.

89c.

Any Untrimmed Hat in the Store,  
89c Choice.

89c.

All Hats Trimmed Free at The Fair.  
Everything closed out at less than cost at The Fair, to make needed room.

THE FAIR. Double-width, yard-wide, solid-color, Wool Challis, 23½c.  
THE FAIR. Mosquito Bar, 45c bolt.  
THE FAIR. Pure Silk Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 25c.  
THE FAIR. New lot Tumblers, 3c each.  
THE FAIR. Sanitary Soap, large cake, 4c.

Genuine Less-than-cost-to-make-room Sale.

THE FAIR 74-76-78 WHITEHALL ST. TELEPHONE 543

## LAST CALL! July Wear.

Kenny & Satzky's entire stock of fine Imported Merchant Tailoring Goods, Trimmings, etc., was bought by M. Rich & Bros. This stock is now being sold at 25 Whitehall street

## AT LESS THAN HALF COST.

The entire stock must be disposed of in a few days. We must

## GIVE UP THE STORE

It is the finest stock of Merchant Tailoring Goods in the state. It will be sold

## WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

## — AT — HALF IMPORTATION COST.

Pants Patterns worth \$18 a pair are selling at \$4.50.

\$50 and \$60 Suits at \$10.

Special inducements offered to Merchant Tailors

TO BUY OUT THE ENTIRE STOCK.  
REMEMBER, we have to close the store in a FEW DAYS.

## M. RICH & BROS.

25 WHITEHALL STREET,  
NEXT DOOR TO CAPITAL CITY BANK.

Puff and Negligee Shirts, Alpaca Coats and Vests, Sicilians, Drap de Eté, Serges.

How extremely comfortable are these garments for just this weather, and do you know we have a nice line of them all. Won't you see them?

Perhaps in addition to above you must have a suit. Well, on all Spring Weights, you know, mid-summer prices rule. This means a liberal discount to you.

Drop in as you pass.

GEORGE MUSE & CO.,  
Clothing and Furnishers,  
38 Whitehall Street.

## Auction! Auction!

Corner Loyd and Decatur streets.

Wednesday, July 22d, at 10 a. m.

Contractors take notice. Will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder.

15 horses and 7 mules, Also a few drays and carriage harness.

The live stock is in first-class condition and can be seen at Ballard Transfer Co.'s stables, corner Terry and Hunter streets, before the sale.

Be on hand if you want a bargain.

FRANK QUEEN,  
Auctioneer.



## HIS LUCKY NAME.

It was a slightly cynical but fairly good-humored crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long wharf, in San Francisco, one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.

It was an auction of unclaimed trunks and boxes—the personal luggage of early immigrants—who had been left on storage in bulk or warehouse at San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. A modest-looking, well-worn portmanteau had just been put up at an opening, and when Harry Flint joined the crowd, the young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietor of a dry goods store, struck with his good looks and manner, offered him a position as clerk, and he had been himself more presentable to his fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopefully, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenges.

In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-clad appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down at \$15, and he saw the assistant place it at his feet with a grim smile. "That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

"But—there's a mistake," stammered Flint, "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines with a few dollars and bought your things for you, like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he's a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-cynical, half-scorning smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell you, old man, that you're a square man, and I remember you. I'm here for that purpose. But, as that valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. The ridiculousness of quarreling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching home he unlocked the trunk, examined its contents. As he had surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few new articles, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly attractive. There was another, of a young man, which startled him with its marvelous resemblance to himself. In a flash of intelligence he understood it all. The man whose name he had heard of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him. He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the stranger had called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck and trust to later fortune to justify him.

Transformed in his new garb he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry goods dealer, but perhaps the consciousness of more decent civility emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers and he entered the saloon, but he missed Fowler. He saw one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver full in his face. The shot missed. Before his unsteady gait could fire again, the astonished Flint had clutched the weapon. A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing him when suddenly a look of astonishment came over the eyes of his adversary and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-freed pistol, thrown upward by this movement, was accidentally discharged point blank into his temple, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered.

"You've done for Australian Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly at the speaker, and saw a benefactor, Flynn, continued the gambler, turning dictatorial to the crowd, "that this man was first attacked and was unarmed." He fixed Flint's eyes on the man's face, and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralyzed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint as he was borne along, "what does it all mean? What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was a case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler, but he missed Fowler, and he saw if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had again you."

"But," protested the young man, "I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted and dragged him in a doorway. "Who the devil are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically, Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face. "Look here," he said abruptly, "I have passed the word to the crowd that you are a dead-broke miner called Fowler, and I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go now and say it's a lie, that your name isn't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll pass you over to the police to deal with you, and you'll be in a bad way. You are, and how that d-d clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you're an orphan, and ain't got any relation livin' that you're beholden to?"

"No one."

"Then take my advice and be Fowler, and stick to it. Be Fowler until Fowler turns up and thanks you for it, for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would have ruined, and lost his grip over Fowler as he did with you, and you've a right to his name."

He stopped, and the same odd, superstitious look came into his eyes. "Don't you see what all that means? Well, I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands. You're a gambler. Play Fowler first, last and all the time. Good night and good luck, Mr. Fowler."

The next morning's journal contained an account of the killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. An act of firmness and daring," said The Pioneer, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians."

In his new suit of clothes and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor. The latter was popular, and he was convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby Fowler."

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within a year he became a partner. The same miraculous fortune followed other ventures later. He was a millionaire, mine owner, bank director, a millionaire. He was popular, and his reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the rival Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others; the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the following year. He had quite forgotten his youthful past, and even the more recent lucky

portmanteau; remembered nothing, perhaps, of the pretty face of the desperado who had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby Fowler.

His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter, who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment, reappeared at the window, followed by a young lady in mourning. "Forgive me, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this young lady. This is yours."

Flint glanced at the portmanteau on the stand before him. It certainly was not his, although it bore the initials, "S. F." He was mechanically handing it back to the porter, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. For an instant too short to be noticed, it was the face of the desperado. "I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are these your initials?" She hesitated; perhaps it was the abruptness of the question that he saw she was confused. "No. A friend's." She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life than to follow this clue and find the beautiful woman who had dropped the guard at the next station, and discovered that she was going to York. On their arrival he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her, but she had already disappeared, and he was a fellow-countryman, although residing in England, and at present on his way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his headgained fancies.

They met again and again; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already respectable and respectfully known beyond California. He thought of no more of his future. He was in love. He even dared to think it might be returned; but he felt he had no right to that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another's. He did so alone—scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm she burst into a flood of tears and showed, as again, that she seemed far beyond any apparent cause. When she had partly recovered she said, in a low, frightened voice:

"You are being my brother's name. But it was a name, the unhappy boy had so carefully disguised, and he had told her he abandoned it, and, as he lay upon his deathbed, the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change his name to his own."

She did, but not alone, for she shared it with her husband—Brother Hart in the Strand Magazine. The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-cynical, half-scorning smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell you, old man, that you're a square man, and I remember you. I'm here for that purpose. But, as that valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. The ridiculousness of quarreling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and as his abrupt benefactor had as abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching home he unlocked the trunk, examined its contents. As he had surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few new articles, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly attractive. There was another, of a young man, which startled him with its marvelous resemblance to himself. In a flash of intelligence he understood it all. The man whose name he had heard of the former owner of the trunk, for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him. He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the stranger had called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck and trust to later fortune to justify him.

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## JIM KNEW.

W. N. Harben in Short Stories. She lived in a log cabin in the Tennessee mountains.

She was gray, old, poor, religious—religion was her sole comfort; she read her Bible and prayed continually.

Her son, Jim, was out west. She exhibited the beggarly remittances which he sent her with trembling hands and sparkling, pride-full eyes.

Jim came home to stay. Her cup of joy was full. On the afternoon of his arrival she was reading her Bible and whispering prayers of thankfulness.

Jim approached her and spread his rough hands over the page she was reading. She regarded him with a look of surprise, and he had heard great men talk out west, and had learned that the Bible was not true—was not the inspired Word of God.

He laid his hand on her forehead, and she felt a wisp of faded hair fall down her cheek. She put up her toll-hardened hands to stop him, but he talked on eloquently. She said not a word when he had finished and left the cabin, but she rose and went to her bed in the corner of the room, she knelt and tried in vain to pray.

She stood in the cabin door in a struggle; the blood in her face, Jim was right, she supposed; she had never known him to be wrong; people had always said he had a keen mind.

The next Sunday she did not go to meeting; she stayed at home and tried to comprehend what Jim had said about the mistakes of the Bible. She trembled and felt cold in her breast as she sang from the meeting house across the river, and she felt that she had been to see to what extent the reports of trouble among the Indians of that tribe were true.

Wallace says the whole story is the result of two things—indisposition of the Indians to have their children sent away from the reservation, and the annual snake dance.

These men made four or five circuits of the small plaza, and then took up a position to the west side of it. In the center of the plaza was a cottonwood tree.

After they had arranged themselves properly, in a state of extraordinary exultation, the snake men came marching with tremendous energy, as though inspired to bound across the desert with a single stride. Their motion added greatly to the impressiveness of the serious scene, and thrills the spectators to an excited state of mind for the ensuing act.

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a trap opposite the entrance. The rat, seeing the reflection of an animal of its kind about to enter, hastens its movements and, of course, gets in first. The lady who thought of this trick has been quite successful in catching rats, and in the very trap which, before, they had studiously shunned.

## KENTON'S PERSECUTOR.

From The New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Arthur Kenyon and his wife Margaret had been wed but a few months. He was well to do, handsome and of irreproachable character. She had been a poor girl, was rather prettier than the average young woman, and was six months older than her husband. It was very little, and Margaret herself thought nothing of the difference in their ages until she had been congratulated several scores of times on her good fortune in securing a husband so admirable in every way as Arthur Kenyon. Then she thought of many things. She chafed at being too often of her husband's nobility of character, his goodness, his high sense of honor.

She knew it was all true, and that she had cause to be grateful, but she longed to hear some complimentary word from her good fortune. She remembered an almost forgotten girlhood escapade—a boy-lover and an attempted elopement, which was only half serious. She wondered if her husband had ever been guilty of a fault.

One evening when he came home she did not meet him with her usual smile. He found her standing silent and with flushed cheeks. She had been crying, and she had been crying him—an insinuating, cowardly, anonymous letter.

At sight of his shocked face she put her arms around him, and she did not believe it, "I don't know," she gasped, and cast an appealing glance at her son, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"I've heard at the Bible all true. 'I use ter believe at when my time come I'd go off easy, but now it's just awful—awful!'" She tried to put out her hand toward Jim; essayed to speak, but death froze her unasked question on her face.

Two weeks passed and another letter came to Mrs. Kenyon. "Your husband was not at home to dinner on Wednesday night," it read; "a telegram was sent to your house, and your husband's lawyer requiring his presence on important business. Would you care to know where he went? Set a watch upon him when next you receive a like message, and you shall know."

Margaret again assured him of her perfect confidence. "If another of the wretched things comes I will burn it unopened," she said. Other letters did come, and Margaret handed them to her husband to read. They were bolder than the rest, and showed an intimate knowledge of his private affairs. Arthur took them from her wife, saying he would throw them in the fire. But he kept them.

One rainy night two men stood in the shadow of a doorway and watched a letter box on the opposite corner.

"Isn't it three o'clock tonight, Jim, since the last one came?" asked one.

"Yes. It looks as though they had taken fright."

Whenever a letter was dropped into the box the silent figure of a postman emerged from the gloom of another building across the street, and unlocked it, while the detectives did not lose sight of the person depositing the letter.

At length, at a sign from the postman, the two men swiftly crossed the street. A woman had just posted a letter which was addressed to Arthur Kenyon, in the queer handwriting of the person investigating the extent of his knowledge of his private affairs. Arthur took them from her wife, saying he would throw them in the fire. But he kept them.

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## AN EVERY DAY HERO.

From The New York World.

I saw an exhibition of nerve and pluck down in Beaman street the other day, which ought to be recorded in black and white. From the corner of one of the tall buildings was suspended a painter's scaffold. They are raised and lowered, as you know, by the painters pulling on a tackle at either end. Few men can look up from the walk at the scaffold, away about under the cornice and the men cooly plying their brushes, without feeling the flesh creep a little. The breaking of a rope means death to the men on the scaffold, and, perhaps, to two or three pedestrians below. Should one of the men lose his balance and fall, he strikes the flag-stones and have every bone broken.

Three or four of us were looking up from a doorway opposite when one of the painters dropped his brush and lurched about as if drunk. The other cried out to him sharply, and he lay down on the scaffold as if helpless. The man had either taken sick or was overcome by fright. There was no one on the roof in an anxious way, and then he crept along the scaffold to his partner. If he tried to brace him up it was a failure. He took the slack of the rope and passed it about him so that he could not roll off, and then began hoisting up the scaffold. He pulled that end up about two feet, and then crept down to raise the other to correspond.

There was a lift of ten or twelve feet, and he passed from end to end of the scaffold five or six times before he had elevated it to the cornice and crept out. The other man lay as if dead, and was pulled off on to the roof so helpless that he could not stand. He was sitting with his back to a chimney when I got up. He had been dead man's face ever since. He trembled in every limb, his teeth chattered, and his eyes seemed to have lost all expression.

"What's the matter?" asked the other painter, who was calmly adding a little oil to the mixture in his pail.

"The new man," he brusquely replied.

"How do you mean?"

"He's just come from a swing-scaffold," he explained, "and he was foolish enough to take a drink of whisky to brace his nerves."

"And didn't it?"

"For half an hour or so, then it collapsed. He was all over a shiver, and he was pieces quick as wink."

"Is it your first experience?"

"Not by a dozen! Most of 'em act this way the first time. You've got to give 'em a little talk, and then on, or they'll do something desperate."

"And weren't you at all rattled?"

"Shoo! Feel my pulse!"

"How do you feel?" I asked the other.

"I don't reply, but my tongue seemed to have lost its power, and after two or three efforts he began weeping like a child. He was utterly unnerved."

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"Isn't it three o'clock tonight, Jim, since the last one came?" asked one.

"Yes. It looks as though they had taken fright."

Whenever a letter was dropped into the box the silent figure of a postman emerged from the gloom of another building across the street, and unlocked it, while the detectives did not lose sight of the person depositing the letter.

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"takings" of a quarter of a century had amounted to 6,510,000 francs, to which, after his return from his present tour in America, where he had earned 2,000,000 francs, may be added 1,000,000 francs. When the "divine Sarah" began his career at the Comedie Francaise, in 1807, it was at a very modest salary indeed, and even in 1872, at the Odéon, he only earned 200,000 francs. Eight years later he was 100,000 francs during a short tour in France, and in 1881, his first European tour, which he played "Frou-Frou," "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "Hernani," brought him 250,000 francs. Then came a clear profit of the sum of 600,000 francs, and he was 10



## MUCH IN A NAME.

A BALTIMORE GIRL TELLS HOW THE SPECTACLE IMPRESSED HER.

From The Baltimore Sun.

A Baltimore girl, who faints at the sight of a caterpillar, turns green at the sight of blood and is in every way of a most genteel and kindly nature, thus writes home about her visit to a bull fight.

"At last I have seen my first bull fight, and I trust my last. You could not have borne it five minutes, and I scarcely know how I did.

"Imagine an immense arena, with 22,000 people packed in circles, while above in the clouds little white clouds floated over an intensely blue sky. At times the tender-hearted clouds shut the sky entirely off from all view of what was going on beneath in the arena, while frequent short April-like showers of tears fell from them, and it is to be hoped soothed the wounds of the six enraged bulls that succeeded each other to death. The occasion was Mazzatini's farewell to his Parisian public, which has made such a hero of him. Not only had fatted calves been killed in his honor in appreciation of the fatted bulls which Mazzatini had killed with such glory, but hats and handkerchiefs waved, presents of silver, of gold and jewels were thrown to him after his little speech of farewell, and flowers in forms of wreaths, bouquets and hearts, soon covered the gore-stained ground. Of all these gifts the only one the Spanish grandee noticed at all was a simple bunch of violets. This he stooped to pick up and kissed in the direction of the fair dame who had thrown it. His two valets raised the more valuable gifts from the dust, while Mazzatini himself never deigned to even glance at the rich jewels scattered at his feet.

"It was a wonderful sight, exciting past belief. I am glad to have seen it, for I learned something, but the lesson completes the course. I'll see no more bull fights. The orchestra played the music of 'Carmen' as we came out and stopped to study the faces of the audience that but a few minutes before were in such extremes of excitement, shouting and hissing when the poor hound was killed and smothered, tried to save himself instead of showing the proper amount of fight, and I remembered that I, too, at the moment had arisen to my feet and rejoiced when a well-planted lance, which I thought was costing the picador his life, as he stood directly in front of the bull's shoulder just as he lowered his head to strike. Then the marvelous Mazzatini leaped over his head and stood quietly waiting until the now maddened creature turned on him with sufficient ferocity to satisfy the most exacting hunter.

"Nothing can express to you the intense respect to the performance. One has to see it to understand the science of these superb men. They walk with the dignity that princes are supposed to have in and out of the jaws of death—a leap not any higher or less calm than just enough to keep them outside of eternity. The little scarlet cloak, their only defensive weapon, and with this alone, they lead the infuriated animal to the exact spot where they wish to kill him and then kill him, not at any haphazard moment to save their own lives, but only at the signal given by the president. In Paris they do not kill the bull in the arena, but when the signal is given, the matador's personal danger is all the greater for not killing, as he must touch the bull in the vital spot above the head, between the shoulders, just as the bull lowers his head to gore him, thus going through the form, after which the bull is taken out by oxen, and killed out of sight. Each bull, which is of a very high breed, belongs to some well-known Spanish seigneur, and is worth a good many hundred dollars. But they say it cannot fight twice, and it must be put an end to; the honor of the family to whom it belongs is at stake by the way it fights.

"A wonderful sight, and always shall I live in my memory how the artistic superbness fought with great force. I was to grasp the smelling salts in one hand, for you know how I turn sick at the sight of blood, and to see these poor blindfolded horses raised the horses of the matador. The matador made me turn faint for a moment, while the next I was fascinated by the wonderful science that turned life into a plaything. The costumes and all the mise en scene are the most picturesque scenes imaginable. In fact, everything is done to make it endurable. Fierce feelings that I never imagined I had rose up and took possession of me, and I could scarcely realize my own lack of heart. For once and the last time I have seen this relic of a past barbarism, and am glad to have had the experience."

Some Fancy Stories.

From The St. Paul Globe.

Among the fancy tales of those whose vocation it is to find data to stand the protection system on, is the story told by The American Economist of the philanthropic old gentleman in New York who took the ragged newboy into a clothing store and arrayed him in a complete suit of new clothes for \$1.51, among the items were shoes, 40 cents; cap, 6 cents.

According to the protection orators of last year cheap goods make cheap men, and are cheap and disgusting. They would make a cheap boy. There is no marked difference in the retail price of boys' clothing in New York and St. Paul. A gentleman of this city furnishes us the items in an outfit for his four-year-old boy bought at a leading clothing store in St. Paul the past month, giving the same articles the New York man is alleged to have bestowed upon the newboy, presumably about fourteen years old. The shoes were \$1.50, cap 25 cents and the suit of serge for summer wear \$1.50. The total was \$3.50 in place of \$1.51. It was as cheap in material and make as any boy in the city would be willing to wear, or as there would be economy in buying.

What sort of boy would he 40 cents buy for a half-year? They would not be worth taking home. Those who provide for such boys think they are fortunate if a \$1.50 shoe lasts two months. But the \$3.50 is the price of a largely shoddy. It is sheer imbecility to attempt to palm off such stories as the New York one upon intelligent people. The protective duties on woollen goods impose a burden upon the consumers. They add to the cost of the wearing apparel from 20 to 50 per cent, and the tax is vastly greater in proportion upon the people of small means than upon the wealthy.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To People That Rent Houses.

Every person that rents a dwelling house from July 20th and after July 20th, I will more free, only charging 40 cents per load for one-horse wagon, and 50 cents for two-horse wagon.

The charge for handling the furniture, and the hauling is free.

If you want to rent those that rent from me, but will only want those that already live in one of my houses to another house.

If you want to rent those that I do not handle, let me know, and, if possible, will get possession of it and rent to you.

By renting from me you can save in moving from \$1 to \$10.

I have had my wagon made large and strong; my horses are gentle and stout, and I have employed the best men in the city to handle the furniture, and am not responsible for breakage, and do not move pianos, so if you want to rent a house and save money, call at my office. John J. Woodside, the renting agent, 20 North Broad.

A CARD.

This is to certify that of the preferred capital stock of the Griffin Brothers Improvement Company, there has been a bona fide subscription of seventy thousand dollars, and that the same has been paid for a short time on forty thousand (\$40,000) dollars of stock, leaving only thirty thousand dollars of preferred stock to be sold.

The only way to dispose of ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars (in Atlanta, Ga.) of the preferred stock is to sell it at once, and the same has been done. The stock is now in the hands of the subscribers. R. M. Evans.

Atlanta, Ga., July 18, 1891.

Have Your Spectacles Straightened.

Faulkner, Kellam &amp; Moore, scientific opticians, will straighten your spectacles frames without charge if they are bent out of shape. These surprising opticians are doing more to provide our citizens with fine eye-glasses than any other firm in this vicinity. Their facilities are unequalled. 55 old capitol, opposite postoffice.

Carpenters, mechanics and everybody who want hardware at bankrupt prices, come to Morrison &amp; Co.'s old stand. Logan &amp; McCrory.

SENT FREE. Samples Wall Paper, with price list, sent free on how to apply for it. M. M. MAVER, Atlanta, Ga.

## THE SITE SELECTED.

THE GEORGIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AT MANCHESTER.

Some Plans as to the Future of Atlanta's New Suburb—An Ideal Residential Place.

Here is another great enterprise for Atlanta. It is to have a brand new suburban town, planned and built in such a manner as will make it an ideal residence place.

The new town of Manchester, situated just beyond East Point and north of Hapeville about one and one-half miles, will now come prominently before the public. The promoters of the re-establishing of the old Georgia Military Institute have selected Manchester as the site for the school.

The school will be located on fifteen acres at Moreland Park. It is proposed to make the new school the best in the southeast, and the equal of any in the whole country. The school will be located on fifteen acres at Moreland Park. It is proposed to make the new school the best in the southeast, and the equal of any in the whole country. The school will be located on fifteen acres at Moreland Park. It is proposed to make the new school the best in the southeast, and the equal of any in the whole country.

The school will be of a high grade and of such a character as to command the patronage of the people of Georgia. Arrangements have also been perfected for establishing a preparatory school for boys and girls. According to the contracts just closed with the company manipulating the property, any child living within a five mile radius will be entitled to enter the school free of charge. The curriculum of this school itself, although preparatory, will be of a high character, and equally as thorough as the high school of Atlanta.

Mr. Eugene Blalock, one of the promoters of the great enterprise, in speaking to a Constitution representative, said: "Yes, the contracts have been made and the papers signed for the locating of the Georgia Military Institute at Manchester. I am satisfied that a better location could not have been found in the state. In addition to the institute, we will have a preparatory school for both sexes. Laying off the bounds and the erection of buildings will begin in a few days."

"Manchester is destined to be the ideal suburb town of Atlanta. Everything is in its favor. The Atlanta and West Point railroad runs through it, thus affording rapid transit to the city. An hour train is to be only 5 cents. Two dummy lines will run to the place, one by the way of East Point and the other by Hapeville. Contracts for their construction have been signed, and work will begin within thirty days."

"Manchester has many natural advantages. The people will not be slow to about them out."

ABOUT GENIUS AND INSPIRATION.

How Henry Watterson Saw the Stars.

From The Richmond Star.

Henry Watterson, genius, editor and charming talker, was the great attraction at the University of Virginia last week, where he delivered an address on "Money and Morals" before the two literary societies Tuesday morning. A gentleman just from Charlottesville related the following story to a State reporter today:

One of the professors tendered Mr. Watterson a reception when he arrived at the university or Charlottesville people had had the pleasure of Mr. Watterson's acquaintance, but, of course, everybody knew him by reputation. The professor, looking forward with peculiar delight to the scintillations of wit that would proceed from the distinguished gentleman, Mr. Watterson was on time, and the company soon began to crowd the parlors. But the chief guest had a far-up-in-the-clouds look and had not a word to say to anybody. He simply shook hands and gave to each person a friendly nod. The host and hostess endeavored to draw him out, but he did not respond. Some one said to the noted editor that Marshall McCormick would be present. "Ah, I happen to be acquainted with Mr. McCormick," said Watterson. Very soon Mr. McCormick came. One of the ladies took him aside and said, "Mr. McCormick, do get Mr. Watterson to talk. He is not saying a word. He says he knows you. Now draw him out and get him started."

"I know Watterson and will soon see what is the matter. He is a man, of genius—a man of moods. He will fix him."

He went up to the noted editor, and, after exchanging a few courtesies, said: "Watterson, wouldn't you like to stroll out on the lawn and get some fresh air?"

"No," said Watterson, "I have plenty of air."

"But I mean wouldn't you like to stroll out and get a drink? I have a fine liquor in the office just across the lawn. It has been provided for you."

"Great heavens! yes; it is just what I am dying for."

So they slipped out and took the promenade. First came a good stiff drink of raw whisky, and then a bottle of claret, and then a bottle of champagne. Watterson became radiant, and, of course, was soon at his best. They had been absent from the parlor only about twenty minutes. Watterson talked like the genius he was, fascinated everybody. The whole party broke up all agreed that they had never heard such brilliant talk before.

"And what did you do to Mr. Watterson?" asked of Mr. McCormick.

"Oh, well, you see Watterson has a passion for astronomy. He remembered what a beautiful night it was, and he yearned to see the stars. His mind was so full of stars that he forgot to talk, and he might have remained in the parlor all the evening without coming down from the clouds. I simply took him out to give him an opportunity to see the stars. Just as soon as he saw them he was himself again. That is the explanation of the change that came over him." The explanation was perfectly satisfactory.

The next morning Mr. Watterson was in splendid trim for the lecture, and the great audience was spellbound. It is safe to say that no easier or crasser ever made a more reliable reputation at the university. Two or three who had heard him before say that he surpassed himself. I can be seen here the Kimball house, no man was ever more lionized, and no man ever showed more appreciation of Virginia hospitality.

The Cost of Warfare.

From The Kansas City Times.

Chile will make a forced loan of \$20,000,000 with which to carry on the war. The difference between Chile and the United States is that while \$20,000,000 will permit the southern country continuing for months a bloody war, it won't pay the claims of the pensioners of this country for thirty days, and the United States last hostile gun fired in the United States died away more than a quarter of a century ago.

## RAIN-MAKING MACHINES.

The Experiments Now Being Tried in the West.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—[Special Correspondence.]—Some time within the next few days there is going to be a noise out in western Kansas. Uncle Sam's rain-makers are bound thither, with a provision of explosives sufficient to stock a fair-sized volcano in active operation. They take with them three-score balloons, each ten feet in diameter when expanded; likewise about one hundred fifty five feet high, a freight car full of wooden mortars to fire bombs from, and many thousands of pounds of dynamite, gunpowder, nitro-glycerine and many other powerful agents for agitating nature with spasms. If there is not a second deluge in the region mentioned within a fortnight, it will not be for lack of effort on the part of General Dyerforth and the department of agriculture.

Seven thousand dollars yet remain of the \$9,000 appropriated by congress for this purpose, and so there is no need to economize on the fireworks for the preliminary experiment. Because it is a matter of history that storms have often followed heavy cannonading in warfare, it has been thought desirable to attack the sky for this meteorological purpose with a regular line of battle. The balloons will be hoisted by means of a derrick, and the dynamite, rackarock and other materials calculated to agitate the atmosphere as much as possible, while at suitable intervals of space the balloons will be arranged for action. Simultaneously a flight of kites will be let loose in the air.

The three-score balloons will in themselves represent an extraordinary scientific novelty. They are all completed now, and each one is calculated to hold about five hundred and twenty-five cubic feet of gas. Each one is a three-necked oxygen and two-thirds hydrogen. The oxygen is put in first and the hydrogen. Each balloon, upon being inflated, ascends under cover of a derrick, which serves instead of a rope to hold it. When it reaches the desired height the button of an electric instrument on the ground is touched, a spark ignites a fuse in the balloon, and the oxygen and hydrogen suddenly combine with a terrific explosion. Experiments made within the last few days in this city show that such an oxy-hydrogen balloon, thus ignited, produces a really tremendous detonation, the cloth or paper vessel itself appearing for an instant, by the daylight, like a ball of fire. Few things can be imagined more curious than this phenomenon, which signifies that the two gases, at the touch of fire, have united in the shape of a drop or two of water, which harmless fluid consists of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen.

But, as has been said, the balloons will be supplemented by great kites, each of which will be held by double wire instead of a string. Their tails will carry dynamite and other explosives, which will be set off in the same way by the electric spark. Meanwhile while the oxy-hydrogen bags explode and the kite tails go bang, the buried mortars will vomit forth rackarock to the heavens all along the two-mile line. For at least two, and possibly three days, the racket will be kept up, the object being to raise as much heat—as possible, so to speak. Then the expedition will quit the arid wastes and calmly await the pour, consoled for the inconvenience by the exclamations of an agricultural population which has learned to appreciate the fact that moisture is wealth.

It must not be supposed, however, that this bombardment of the heavens will be conducted without scientific method. Before it is begun the observers of the expedition will ascend in a suitable aeronautic balloon and find out, by the way the hygrometer works, at what level the clouds may be most advantageously set off. If they discover the greatest amount of moisture at an elevation of 1,500 feet, that is the stratum of air in which they want to do their work. The theory of the matter is no one pretends to understand very thoroughly, but it is imagined that the artificial combustion, as scientific men would say, sets a sort of vortex or hole in the air, into which the heavier moist particles rush as to a vacuum, and precipitation of rain. It is surmised, also, that the small particles of water made by the explosion of the combining oxygen and hydrogen form a sort of nucleus for other particles to gather about. Another important idea is that the watery particles in the atmosphere, being heavier than the rest of the air, are shaken out of it by concussion and fall upon the earth.

If informed persons have been disposed to scoff at this effort which the government is making to sprinkle the arid regions of this country with a gentle, though artificial, rain from heaven, which has been compared by Shakespeare to the quality of mercy. They have striven to prove that the idea was new and not sufficiently grounded on demonstration; failing to realize that methods for controlling nature are as old as history. In India, and in many parts of Africa the rainmaker is the most important personage in every community, though his methods are precariously founded on the theory of sympathetic magic. In India, as the late Mr. Pitt-Rivers has pointed out, usually falls after rain, although it must be admitted that in his time gunpowder had not been invented. He said that the storms were sent by the gods to cleanse the earth that had been polluted with blood. Also, in some parts of Europe as late as 1810, it was the custom to sprinkle the fields with gunpowder. If reliable data on the subject have been lacking hitherto, they will be supplied by the forthcoming experiment in western Kansas, and it is likely that the theory will be established, for every one will be able to regulate showers for his own garden patch.

Seriously, however, the notion is that supporting the efficacy of explosives for producing rain once proved, communities of farmers might make it their business to establish detonating plants, employing for the purpose hired men, and the result would be a single good shower might signify \$10,000, or even \$100,000 of value.

Pat's Power.

From The New York Ledger.

Father Matthew warned a friend against the use of inconclusive arguments—arguments which would not hold water. He said he was once addressing an audience of Irish car drivers, and they might learn a lesson from the brute creation.

"I," said he, "were to set before one of your horses a bucket of water and a bucket of whisky, you know which the wise beast would take."

Whereupon one of these quick-witted carmen replied: "Well, father, if I were to place before me a bucket of hay and a bucket of beef, you know which the wise beast would choose. But does it follow that the hay is best for me?"

AT NIGHT.

Night creepeth on. Beyond the hills— Outlined against the gray-blue western sky, The soft daint tints that rest the tired eye, I see life's daytime, too.

From gold and purple—met in soft gray hue. The sweet bright summer day is almost gone, Even the breeze has laid him down to rest, After the long hours of his eager quest, Rustling his green ranks of tasseled corn, He has retired to the dark old vines anon In harmony no other could have sung.

Life's day is closing, too—'tis fervid sun, His back behind the hills to rise no more, Nor bathe life with the light its morning wore. His winged joys homeward flying—one by one, He has retired to the dark old vines anon. Weary of wing, and glad to be at home.

At all—it must be sweet to rest, The glare of noon is, perhaps, too strong For aching eyes that looked on so too long. The cool gray shadow tones are surely blest, To not wear while to longer vigil kept, And after life's long day—'tis so sweet to sleep.

—MATTIE HOLLAND SWANK.

A Wall From Rome.

Sister Lease will not be here tomorrow.

The saddest place is: We can't see Jen.

P.P.S.—MR. HED-ACE

sings; compare—nothing else.



## Wesleyan Female College,

MACON, GA.

Session opens September 23d. Address  
Rev. W. C. Bass, President.

July 19—46 suns

M. HAVERTY'S  
GREAT REMOVAL SALE

Will continue until September 1st. My entire stock must be sold. \$5,000 worth of goods sold the past week. Come and get pick of goods before it is too late. Now is your only chance to furnish your homes with the LATEST STYLES AT FACTORY COST.

All goods sold at this sale will be put up and delivered or stored until October 1st, free of charge. 50 Folding Beds for less than cost. Remember the place.

## M. HAVERTY,

Office and Salesroom, 96 and 98 S. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga. Entrance through Douglas, Thomas &amp; Co.'s, 89 and 91 Whitehall St.

## DO YOU WISH TO SAVE MONEY

We Can Save You From 10 to 15 Per Cent

OUR ASSORTMENT OF  
HARD-WOOD MANTELS, TILE HEARTHES AND GRATES

Plain and Ornamental Gas Fixtures

IS THE LARGEST SOUTH!  
AND—  
WE ARE DETERMINED NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

Our Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Gas Fitting and Architectural Galvanized Iron Cornice Work cannot be excelled. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

## Hummicutt &amp; Bellingrath Company.

The Half Dollar Has a Way of Getting Out

From The New York Times.

There is one unpopular coin issued by Uncle Sam. It is the half dollar, and it has a tendency to work its way back into the treasury vaults, where it isn't wanted. As money, nobody objects to the half, but the popular fancy is for the same value in another form. That is, the average citizen prefers to have two quarters. This may not seem to be a very important matter, but it counts in the long run. Little by little the halves find their way back to the government vaults, and there they stay, like poor relations. In fact, so far as coming back in disguise goes, the half dollar is the Prodigal Son of the mints. A very large proportion of the \$20,000,000 of fractional silver on hand at Washington is made up of halves. This is the lot which Secretary Foster was so anxious to get rid of, and about which he talked with the New York bankers when he made his visit here. Nobody then manifested any wild desire to take the secretary's load off his shoulders. It is probable that a good many of the halves stored up in Washington will be re-coined into quarters and dimes. In that way they will be more convenient for popular use. And Mr. Foster will sleep more comfortably at night—which will be a good thing, and a benefit all round. Of course, if the halves are used, and will continue to be used. Their

coinage will be kept up, and nobody will have any more difficulty in getting them than usual. But the proportion of other coins will be increased, because the people like them much better.

"Queen Esther" at Big Bethel.

The cast of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," will be given at Bethel church, on West street, Monday night, July 22nd, under the direction of Professor Richardson. The cast is a fine one, and the scenery is beautiful. Admission 25c; reserved seats 50c.

Sacred concert at Piedmont Chautauqua today

by Miss Park, celebrated

cornetist, of Boston,

assisted by Weber's famous

band. Take Georgia Pacific

train, leaves 9:10 a.

m., 2:30 p. m., 5:45 p. m.,

6:25 p. m., 11:45 p. m., re-

turning arrive Atlanta

6:30 a. m., 8:40 a. m.,

12:15 p. m., 5:20 p. m.,

10:30 p. m.







## ANDREW J. MILLER &amp; SON

Are offering some very attractive

## Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Lace Curtains

At extremely low prices. You will consult your own interest by inspecting their goods before purchasing.

By paying cash you will be allowed a special discount from your purchases of

## TEN PER CENT.

Whoever shows you the goods, it matters not how low you price an article, you will certainly be entitled to the discount if you pay the CASH. Remember that

## NOBODY HAS BETTER GOODS!

And we will not be undersold. This offer is made only for new trade during the coming week.

## ANDREW J. MILLER &amp; SON

42 and 44 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

## CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON &amp; CO.

For this week we are going to sell, at a price that will close out, the remaining imported

## COMBINATION SUITS.

These are of the best quality and latest styles known to the trade. You can now get a genuine Camel's Hair or Lamb's Wool at a clearing out price which will surprise you.

## SHORT LENGTHS IN BLACK GOODS

Are among the very best bargains in the world, as you can get two or three pieces same number, weave and make, just as good a dress as if it cost full price.

## Prices Are No Object on Remnants

And we have them accumulated in every department, and are determined to make a clean sweep. Come and get choice.

## COME THIS WEEK CERTAIN

Because we will show certain lines just reduced, and it may be just the kind of goods you need,

## AND DON'T FORGET THAT

We are making a general clearance sale in every department, and if you want at any time soon

## DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FURNITURE OR SHOES

It will pay you to see and price with us now. See the goods at once and you will buy.

## CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON &amp; CO.

## SHIP RAILWAYS.

Many Ancient Examples of the Modern Enterprise.

If a search were made among the papyri at the British museum, evidence would be found that the Egyptians were in the habit of transporting vessels overland across the Isthmus of Suez, and it is, indeed, more than probable that they did so. Tradition records that twenty-three centuries ago a through ship railway, with polished granite blocks as rails, existed and was worked across the Isthmus of Corinth, where the construction of a ship canal has just now been partly effected and subsequently abandoned for financial considerations. In 1718, the well-known Count Emanuel Swedenborg constructed a road and "machines" for carrying laden vessels from Stromstad to Iddefjord, in Sweden, a distance of fourteen miles across a rough country, and the successful use of this work by Charles XII, during the siege of Frederikshavn, led to Swedenborg being regarded not only as a national benefactor, but as a mechanician of no mean ability for at least a century after his death.

The vessels transported in all the above cases were, no doubt, small in size and weight compared with our modern vessels.

Necessarily, also, any vessel carried in our own times on an Indian railway must be comparatively small, or it would not be able to pass under bridges and through tunnels. Within the latter limits, however, no practical difficulty whatever has been found in sending small vessels by rail at the usual speed of good trains. The Dutch have shifted tonnage boats from one part of the coast to another on railway trolleys, and Mr. Donaldson, the torpedo boat builder, some time since forwarded his steam yacht from the Thames to the west coast of Scotland, by rail, having, of course, removed masts, funnel, and all deck hamper to enable her to squeeze through tunnels.

It is very rare in engineering problems to find that what has been done successfully on a small scale is impracticable on a large one, but rather the reverse is the truth. Take for illustration, the locomotive engine. The latest works in the world for the building of locomotives is the well-known Baldwin Company's works at Philadelphia. That firm has constructed locomotives weighing 100 tons, and guarantee them to haul a load of 3,500 tons on a level railroad; but we have only to look back some fifty years to find that the first engine built by the same firm weighed five tons and hauled thirty tons, but under favorable conditions only, as The Philadelphia Courier and other papers gave fair warning that, "while the locomotive engine

will depart daily, when the weather is fair, with a train of passenger cars, on rainy days horses will be attached."

The same truth that with modern appliances and increased experience engineers of the present day encounter less difficulty in carrying out larger works than their predecessors successfully mounted in dealing with small ones, holds good of steamboats and countless other things, and doubtless will hold good as regards ship railways.

Going to Lithia Springs.

Every train of the Georgia Pacific which left the union depot last evening had immense crowds going out to spend Sunday at this charming resort so as to be in attendance at the chautauque exercises today. An attractive programme has been arranged for the day. Three sacred concerts will be given by Miss Park, the celebrated cornetist of Boston, assisted by the famous Weber band, of Cincinnati, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., 3:40 o'clock p. m., and 7:40 o'clock p. m. Sermons by Dr. C. M. Lockwood, of Cincinnati. Other interesting exercises will take place during the day. The Georgia Pacific has ten trains daily between Atlanta and Lithia Springs. The chautauque limited leaving Atlanta at 4:25 o'clock p. m., returning arrive in Atlanta at 10:30 o'clock p. m., makes no stops. Let everybody go out today and enjoy the splendid music and excellent sermon by one of the ablest divines in America.

## SOUTH CAROLINA.

## THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM IN CHARLESTON.

Negotiations for a Game of Baseball Between Charleston and Atlanta—The Lack of Hotel Accommodations.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 18.—[Special.]—The municipal political pot is seething and boiling again, and the politicians are once more engaged in pitching and throwing the ball. The Daily Jewhar, which came to grief over the June convention, seems to be carefully paying the way for a bolt from the party in case the reformers are not given the earth with a fence around it. A rather peculiar feature of the campaign which has not yet been brought out is the fact that the ball reformers, contrary to all political precedent, are using "the stuff," while the ringsters appear to be as poor as Job's turkey. It came out today that our enterprising ball reform canvasser persuaded a minor to allow him to put his name down on his club roll on the plea that he was paid 10 cents for every name he got. It has also been developed that quite a number of chronic impetuous gentlemen have of late been very active in drumming up names for the Ball Reform Club rolls. Each side charges the other with inventing rolls, and the municipal democratic committee will have a most unsavory work in investigating these charges. The fight is becoming exceedingly bitter and the Daily Jewhar is doing its feeble best to add to its bitterness. It is more than probable that the democratic party in the city will owe its salvation, if it is to be saved, to the considerable number of conservative business men who have joined the ball reform movement under the mistaken idea that it really has something at the bottom of it. While the cranks who profess to lead the ball reform movement claim to have over 2,700 names attached to their club rolls, it is extremely doubtful if they can vote over the immortal 500 who were marched up a hill by the young Napoleon, in June, and then marched down again. There may be a "third party" in Charleston politics in December next, and there have been a good many third parties before, but it will meet the fate of all other third parties.

BASEBALL TALK.

The semi-professional baseball fever has broken out badly here, and Charleston, having conquered all the available contributory territory, has her eyes now turned longingly to the Gate City. The local team is undoubtedly a strong one. It is managed by Colonel T. W. Paissaligue, the superintendent of the Enterprise street railroad, and is run on strictly baseball business principles. Colonel Paissaligue pays his men and pays them well, and he enforces discipline, which may account for their splendid work. They have thus far thrashed out the local teams of Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Darlington and Charlotte, and as I have said, are now reaching out to Atlanta. Colonel Paissaligue is now in correspondence with Manager Marshall, the Atlanta team, with a view of arranging a series of games between Atlanta and Charleston. The old baseball fans in Charleston, who have a good recollection of the agile and festive Monk Cline and the astute and cunning and deceptive Joe Purcell, of the old Southern League days, are extremely anxious to have a witness at the new blood in the Gate City. An Atlanta-Charleston series would draw big money here. The ball park is one of the finest in the south, is convenient to reach, and easily seats 5,000 people. The games this week between Darlington and Charleston have had an average attendance of from 1,500 to 2,000. Atlanta would draw out double the number of spectators.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS.

The city has been flooded this week with North Carolinians, and the lamentable lack of hotel accommodation has once more been demonstrated. On Wednesday night an excursion party of 1,500 white North Carolinians reached here. They were filled up all the hotels (only two in number) and all the boarding houses, and many unable to obtain lodging, were compelled to pass the night on the battery and in the few straggling public squares. It is a queer thing, but it is true that thirty years ago with less than one-half of its present population, Charleston was crowded across the city. The proposed million-dollar hotel project, started five or six years ago, is still under consideration.

THE VETERANS TO GATHER.

The Annual Reunion of the Thirty-Eighth Georgia at Flowerly Branch.

The annual reunion of the Thirty-eighth Georgia in connection with the Forty-third, will take place at Flowerly Branch, Ga., July 25th. The Fulton County Confederate Veterans' Association, with the Joe Thompson artillery, are cordially invited to be present. The programme for the day will be as follows: The Thirty-eighth will form in line upon arrival, and be marched to the stand by Colonel E. E. Davant, of Lawrenceville, Ga. The meeting will be held in order by Colonel John McCurdy, president of H. Braswell, chaplain, will lead in prayer. The Rev. D. S. McCurdy, of Flowerly Branch, will deliver the welcome address. Response by Colonel E. E. Bell, of the Forty-fifth Georgia. The Cumming band will furnish music for the occasion.

Governor Gordon, R. L. Rodgers, W. L. Calhoun, John Milledge and others have been invited to attend and are expected to be present.

Committee on Invitations—F. L. Hudgins, F. L. Guess and J. N. Nash.

Committee on Reduced Rates—J. H. Smith and F. L. Guess.

Committee on Printing—William M. Harbin and W. J. Williams.

A big barbecue will be furnished by the citizens of Flowerly Branch.

SUNSET AT INTERLAKEN.

The sun is low,  
You peak of snow  
Is purpling with the sunset glow:  
The reds and oranges  
Makes richly bright  
The Jungfrau's veil of snowy white.

From vales that sleep  
Niglets shadows creep  
To take possession of the steep:  
While as they rise,  
The western skies  
Seem loth to move a step from prize.

The light of day  
Yet loves to stay  
And round that pearly summit play:  
How fair a sight  
You plain of light  
Contented for by day and night!

Now fainter shines  
As day declines  
The lustre bright which he resigns:  
The shadows gain  
The illumined plain:  
The Jungfrau passes as if in pain.

Though daylight dies  
The azure skies  
Seem glittering with a thousand eyes:  
Which, as the sun goes down,  
From depths of space  
The sleeping Jungfrau's lovely face.

But when is born  
The ruddy dawn  
Forever under the morning morn,  
Along the skies  
It quickly flies  
To kiss the Jungfrau's opening eyes.

The rosy blush  
And timid flush  
Which then o'er brow and face doth rush  
Are pure and fair  
Beyond compare  
Resplendent in the illumined air.

And thus away  
By night and day  
Her varying colors homage pay:  
And tinged with rose,  
The same fair radiant form she shows.

J. S. Pinkus and Bros., 1000 Third Avenue, New York, manufacture the celebrated World's Best Cigars, which are guaranteed all long Havana filled at a cent each by all dealers.

ures. He pays \$70,000 annual rental, although the house is open but three months. His total expenses for the season are \$270,000, or about \$3,000 a day. The daily rates are \$5 and upward, and the hotel can accommodate about 1,500 people. Up to a week ago he has been losing something over a thousand dollars a day since the season opened. But from next Thursday, when the races commence, up to the first of September, he will coin money. The receipts should be from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a day, besides the revenue from the bar, wines at the table and various other extras.

Nothing Less Than a Quarter.

Extras are an item, too, in one's expense account. For instance, at the United States and Grand Union there's nothing less than a quarter. A quarter for a drink, for a shave, and even a quarter for a shoe black. Good cigars are from a quarter up. Indeed, the only cheap thing in Saratoga are its mineral waters. You can go to any of the springs and drink all you can hold for 5 cents.

The Hathorn Water.

There are no waters in the world like these. Indeed, this Hathorn water will cure almost anything. I have been drinking two quarts of it a day and in ten days have gained nearly ten pounds. You can almost feel the flesh piling up on your bones after every glass. You feel new blood coursing through your veins. The world seems brighter, the foliage greener. You begin to feel natural. Indeed there is nothing that will so thoroughly eliminate the effects of the grip from one's system.

And, by the way, some of these springs have been a regular gold mine to their owners. The Hathorn is now the popular spring, although the Congress used to be. It was discovered about twenty years ago in digging a foundation for a house.

Since, it has been bored down to a depth of 400 feet with a diamond drill two inches in diameter. In this hole is an iron pipe lined with block tin. The great amount of carbon gas in the water forces it to the surface in great glass globes, through which the gas bubbles, and from which the water is taken.

Before breakfast in the morning, hundreds of people sit around the spring at little tables drinking the water. The scene reminds one of a typical German beer garden. You drink all you want for 5 cents, but the revenue from this source is considerable. However, the great profit to the owner is in the bottled water shipped throughout the country. The shipments amount to a million bottles annually. The wholesale price is about twenty cents a bottle, or the total receipts \$100,000 annually. About sixty thousand dollars of this is clear profit, and, as the spring is owned by one man, it is quite a neat income for him.

## MARGINALIA.

"Papa, are you using those drapes?" a little three-year-old asked at the breakfast table, when his blue eyes noticed a fine bunch lying on his father's plate. The polite hint was irresistible, and the baby received the grapes.

"She could write on a clothes line in a high wind," said Colonel Tom Howard once, in the case with which Mrs. Mary E. Bryan composes and writes.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster declares that people who must write or die, are the ones who will be sure to succeed. My own belief is that many people write as easily and happily as a bird sings.

This opinion does not contradict the well-known saying, "easy writing makes hard reading," because the manuscripts of most famous authors show corrections and erasures to a surprising degree. I mean that thoughts come as a bird's song, but time for revision is hardly allowed the busy writers for weekly and daily papers. A very popular lady wrote last week, discussing literature:

I am even ready to maintain that there are more articles worth reading in the daily and weekly press than in the magazines. The former are more in earnest, more in touch with the times, more graphic. The exigencies of space prevent "padding," hence the English is more virile. Tennyson, the Brownings, Dickens, Stevenson, Whitier and the best of all fables, have appeared outside of magazines as often as in them. Only a short time ago a prominent English writer—I think it was Professor Bryce—publicly declared that the best writing today was to be found in journalists.

That chicken pie in last Sunday's CONSTITUTION was delightful, and I move me to offer this contribution on the subject from a small friend:

O the apple pie is a very nice pie,  
A very nice pie indeed;  
And some there are who say to me,  
"Of all it takes the lead."

And the mince-pie too is a very good pie,  
As good as good can be,  
If the crust is crisp and brown enough,  
And the raisins—one—two—three.

And the pumpkin-pie is a very nice pie,  
For now and then, you know;  
It's well made 'tis fairly good—  
As squash and pumpkin go.

And the cherry-pie is a very nice pie  
Of fruit so tart and red;  
And many a child will call this pie  
Of every sort ahead.

But the greatest pies in all the land  
If you listen well to me,  
Are the dear sand-pies my children make  
In the summer by the sea.

A funny illustration of something that's in a name, despite the question of Shakespeare's famous lover, is this:

A learned professor in a Georgia college went during vacation to visit a northern city. Selecting books for his children, the wise man bought, along with "Young Marcones" and "Little Women," that venerable novel over which our grandmothers wept, "The Children of the Abbey."

A certain young lady has been accused of reading Browning to find historical allusions which she can trace up, thus improving her intelligence.

The most useful books I can think of to make readers "consult dictionaries," encyclopedias and all books of reference are the novels of Augusta Evans Wilson. If I wanted to refresh my memory of mythology I would read her books as a tonic to the task.

A critic declared that William Wordsworth spoiled an otherwise perfect sonnet by his closing word—that most unpoetical word—business. It was a flaw in the very heart of the gem and dimmed all the sparkle.

Seeking to find some poetry in the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I turned to "Babylonia," thinking that must surely be full of dainty fancies. Dame Nature made us in point of excellence in this order—positive comparative woman, superlative baby. All poets have paid tribute to the sweetest and dearest—the last best gift of heaven to man—the cherub in the flesh.

Mrs. Wilcox writes of the "little heads like spoons of floss," and thereby, for me, spoils the pretty fancy of the babies asleep in Babylonia.

How often had I carried lovely darlings into flower gardens and taking the caps from their silky curls, said, after Tennyson, "Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls to the flowers and be their sun."

A spoon of floss indeed! There may be babies with heads as registor; but think of a thing as blockhead and baby in two same breath if you dare.

HALCYON HARRIS.

## LIFE AT GAY SARATOGA SPRINGS.

Judge Hilton's Magnificent Summer Home.

THREE MILLION FOR PLEASURE.

You Must Have Money to See Saratoga.

THE EXPENSES OF THE BIG HOTELS

And What It Costs to Live in Them

Fortunes in Mineral Waters.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 18.—[Special.]—The race commenced Thursday, and Saratoga is now filling with people. In a few days there will be 50,000 visitors here. Most of them come with plenty of money, and they have to spend it or else they have a very quiet time. With the races all the excitement and the gaiety come every evening. All the New York millionaires and representatives of the "400" come to attend these, see the races and lead in the various amusements.

Those who do not go to balls go to the races and lose their money to the bookmakers. Or if they happen to win on the races the chances are they will lose around the faro or roulette table in the evening. But Steve Ryan has been telling the court and lawyers of Atlanta how that is done.

Hilton's Home.

Judge Hilton, the man who managed to corral all of old A. T. Stewart's money, is one of the central figures of Saratoga.

The Judge has perhaps the handsomest place in the east. It is second only to Lehigh Station's Palo Alto ranch in California. He has a park of 1,500 acres right in the town. Every acre of it is as pretty as a garden. The roads are as smooth as asphalt and beautifully shaded. There are lakes, ponds and streams in it, and all about among the trees are beautiful little stone houses where his "paper" reside.

Near the center of the park are three magnificent stone and marble mansions, all owned by him. One is occupied by old Judge Hilton; the other two by his sons' families. A short distance from these are his coachmen's houses, a half dozen in number, and they, too, are handsome stone cottages. Then there is his stable, where he and his sons keep a score or more of horses and a dozen different styles of vehicles, from a tally-ho to a stylish two-wheeled cart.

Judge Hilton probably has three or four million dollars invested in this summer home. He also owns one of the handsomest hotels in town, which he keeps principally for the entertainment of his friends. It is very exclusive, and the rates are from seven dollars to twelve dollars a day.

But the old man can well afford all these luxuries, for he has something more than fifty million dollars, which he managed to pull out of A. T. Stewart's fortune, leaving his heirs in the lurch with something like ten million to be divided between his children. They are after Hilton yet, but he has the money, and is shrewd enough to know how to keep it.

From Atlanta to Saratoga.

It is a delightful trip from Atlanta to this most famous and greatest of all health and pleasure resorts.

Although over a thousand miles from the hub of the south, you can leave there at noon one day and reach here for supper next evening. And you travel through the most picturesque section of the Atlantic states.

From Atlanta to Washington, over the Richmond and Danville on the magnificent vestibular train of Pullman cars, you pass through the mountains of North Georgia and Carolina, through the tobacco belt of the Old North State and then up the valley of Virginia, through many of the famous battlefields of the late war.

Then from Washington to New York in another magnificent palace car train over the great Pennsylvania railroad, you can travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The Pennsylvania is the greatest road in the world. From Washington to Philadelphia it is double track and from there to New York there are four tracks. Running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it is as smooth as glass and it is said to be the safest in the country. Indeed, an accident on the Pennsylvania is almost an unheard-of thing. Such is almost impossible under the "block system" of this road. That is, it has towers every few miles, with a telegraph office in them. Between these towers are the "blocks," and no two trains on the same track are allowed in a block at once. Thus there can be no such thing as one train running in the rear of another, and as the trains running in opposite directions are on the question, an accident is almost out of the question. Again, the engines scoop up water as they run, from long troughs between the rails. The Pennsylvania is indeed a great road. It makes the distance from Washington to New York, through what is almost one continuous town, 249 miles, in five hours.

The scenery on the trip from New York to Saratoga is magnificent. Indeed there is no grander scenery on this continent. The great four-track trunk line, runs along the bank of the great and picturesque stream all the way from New York to Albany. The river for the entire distance is a mass of steamboats and rafts of every description, while the banks are lined with towns and cities all the way up. The New York Central runs a half dozen trains of handsome Wagner coaches up here daily, and every train comes filled.

"It Don't Pay, But It's Lots of Fun."

Saratoga is a great place for newspaper men. Especially those proprietors who have reaped fortunes from their papers.

William K. Nelson, of Kansas City, is one of that class. Colonel Nelson went to Kansas City a few years ago from Indiana and started The Evening Star. It is now one of the greatest evening papers in America and has already made its owner a fortune.

"I am trying an experiment," said he last night, "from which I am having lots of fun. About six months ago I conceived the idea of publishing a weekly edition of my paper for 20 cents a year. It was a go from the start. I have 60,000 subscribers already, and there's no telling what figures it will reach. No, of course I don't pay, but it's lots of fun, and will cost me expenses."

"I am for your man Crisp for speaker," he continued, "and after Hatch I believe nearly all our Missourians will go for him. Oh, yes, I have no doubt but that he will be elected."

They Spend Money to Make It.

There is a mint of money invested in hotels in this town, but the season is short, and although the rates seem exorbitant few of them make money.

The United States and the Grand Union, the two leading hotels, cost \$1,600,000 each. The first was built by a stock company, A. T. Stewart built the latter.

In talking with the manager of the United States today he gave me some interesting figures.

## PROVISIONS, ETC.

## CONSTITUTION OFFICE.

## ATLANTA, JULY 18, 1891.

## Grain and Meal.

Flour—Southern, extra, 44¢; good to choice, 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢; 51¢; 52¢; 53¢; 54¢; 55¢; 56¢; 57¢; 58¢; 59¢; 60¢; 61¢; 62¢; 63¢; 64¢; 65¢; 66¢; 67¢; 68¢; 69¢; 70¢; 71¢; 72¢; 73¢; 74¢; 75¢; 76¢; 77¢; 78¢; 79¢; 80¢; 81¢; 82¢; 83¢; 84¢; 85¢; 86¢; 87¢; 88¢; 89¢; 90¢; 91¢; 92¢; 93¢; 94¢; 95¢; 96¢; 97¢; 98¢; 99¢; 100¢.

Flour—First patent, extra, 44¢; No. 1, 45¢; No. 2, 46¢; No. 3, 47¢; No. 4, 48¢; No. 5, 49¢; No. 6, 50¢; No. 7, 51¢; No. 8, 52¢; No. 9, 53¢; No. 10, 54¢; No. 11, 55¢; No. 12, 56¢; No. 13, 57¢; No. 14, 58¢; No. 15, 59¢; No. 16, 60¢; No. 17, 61¢; No. 18, 62¢; No. 19, 63¢; No. 20, 64¢; No. 21, 65¢; No. 22, 66¢; No. 23, 67¢; No. 24, 68¢; No. 25, 69¢; No. 26, 70¢; No. 27, 71¢; No. 28, 72¢; No. 29, 73¢; No. 30, 74¢; No. 31, 75¢; No. 32, 76¢; No. 33, 77¢; No. 34, 78¢; No. 35, 79¢; No. 36, 80¢; No. 37, 81¢; No. 38, 82¢; No. 39, 83¢; No. 40, 84¢; No. 41, 85¢; No. 42, 86¢; No. 43, 87¢; No. 44, 88¢; No. 45, 89¢; No. 46, 90¢; No. 47, 91¢; No. 48, 92¢; No. 49, 93¢; No. 50, 94¢; No. 51, 95¢; No. 52, 96¢; No. 53, 97¢; No. 54, 98¢; No. 55, 99¢; No. 56, 100¢.

Flour—First patent, extra, 44¢; No. 1, 45¢; No. 2, 46¢; No. 3, 47¢; No. 4, 48¢; No. 5, 49¢; No. 6, 50¢; No. 7, 51¢; No. 8, 52¢; No. 9, 53¢; No. 10, 54¢; No. 11, 55¢; No. 12, 56¢; No. 13, 57¢; No. 14, 58¢; No. 15, 59¢; No. 16, 60¢; No. 17, 61¢; No. 18, 62¢; No. 19, 63¢; No. 20, 64¢; No. 21, 65¢; No. 22, 66¢; No. 23, 67¢; No. 24, 68¢; No. 25, 69¢; No. 26, 70¢; No. 27, 71¢; No. 28, 72¢; No. 29, 73¢; No. 30, 74¢; No. 31, 75¢; No. 32, 76¢; No. 33, 77¢; No. 34, 78¢; No. 35, 79¢; No. 36, 80¢; No. 37, 81¢; No. 38, 82¢; No. 39, 83¢; No. 40, 84¢; No. 41, 85¢; No. 42, 86¢; No. 43, 87¢; No. 44, 88¢; No. 45, 89¢; No. 46, 90¢; No. 47, 91¢; No. 48, 92¢; No. 49, 93¢; No. 50, 94¢; No. 51, 95¢; No. 52, 96¢; No. 53, 97¢; No. 54, 98¢; No. 55, 99¢; No. 56, 100¢.

Flour—First patent, extra, 44¢; No. 1, 45¢; No. 2, 46¢; No. 3, 47¢; No. 4, 48¢; No. 5, 49¢; No. 6, 50¢; No. 7, 51¢; No. 8, 52¢; No. 9, 53¢; No. 10, 54¢; No. 11, 55¢; No. 12, 56¢; No. 13, 57¢; No. 14, 58¢; No. 15, 59¢; No. 16, 60¢; No. 17, 61¢; No. 18, 62¢; No. 19, 63¢; No. 20, 64¢; No. 21, 65¢; No. 22, 66¢; No. 23, 67¢; No. 24, 68¢; No. 25, 69¢; No. 26, 70¢; No. 27, 71¢; No. 28, 72¢; No. 29, 73¢; No. 30, 74¢; No. 31, 75¢; No. 32, 76¢; No. 33, 77¢; No. 34, 78¢; No. 35, 79¢; No. 36, 80¢; No. 37, 81¢; No. 38, 82¢; No. 39, 83¢; No. 40, 84¢; No. 41, 85¢; No. 42, 86¢; No. 43, 87¢; No. 44, 88¢; No. 45, 89¢; No. 46, 90¢; No. 47, 91¢; No. 48, 92¢; No. 49, 93¢; No. 50, 94¢; No. 51, 95¢; No. 52, 96¢; No. 53, 97¢; No. 54, 98¢; No. 55, 99¢; No. 56, 100¢.

Flour—First patent, extra, 44¢; No. 1, 45¢; No. 2, 46¢; No. 3, 47¢; No. 4, 48¢; No. 5, 49¢; No. 6, 50¢; No. 7, 51¢; No. 8, 52¢; No. 9, 53¢; No. 10, 54¢; No. 11, 55¢; No. 12, 56¢; No. 13, 57¢; No. 14, 58¢; No. 15, 59¢; No. 16, 60¢; No. 17, 61¢; No. 18, 62¢; No. 19, 63¢; No. 20, 64¢; No. 21, 65¢; No. 22, 66¢; No. 23, 67¢; No. 24, 68¢; No. 25, 69¢; No. 26, 70¢; No. 27, 71¢; No. 28, 72¢; No. 29, 73¢; No. 30, 74¢; No. 31, 75¢; No. 32, 76¢; No.



## RAYWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World. Never Fails to Relieve

### PAIN.

#### FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A half to a teaspoonful of READY RELIEF in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel strip with READY RELIEF placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and effect a cure.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick-Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, all internal pains. 50c per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

## RAYWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price, 25c a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RAYWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York, on receipt of price.

10c a box. 50c per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

#### JUST PUBLISHED.

### ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM.

By KATE SANBORN. The third volume in Appleton's Summer Series. 16mo. Half cloth, with specially designed cover, 50c.

Miss Sanborn is one of the brightest of the modern writers who are writing today in this country. In this book she tells the story of her own experience, related with freshness, vivacity, and good humor which will be sure to increase the reader's interest in the subject so well fitted to midsummer reading.

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"Throckmorton" is a delightful bit of fiction. With keen penetration and remarkable power of analysis the author combines a rare sense of humor. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"The pages of 'Throckmorton' are alive with picturesque sketches. Its humor is never forced and its pathos is never overdone. It is a novel to linger over." —*The Critic.*

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### Southern Female University

FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

Full university curriculum. Five distinct courses, three of which lead to degrees. Twenty teachers and officers. Special studies in music and art. Handicraft and most complete school edifice in the south. Accommodations for 400 boarders. Boarding and tuition, \$20 to \$30. Send for catalogue to L. D. Bass, D. D., president, or E. E. Binford, M. A., chancellor.

MISS EMMA FAHR, the distinguished pianist of this city, has accepted the directorship of music in the above university. July 15-20

### Railroad Commission of Georgia

L. N. TRAMMELL, Chairman. } Commissioners. ALEX. S. ERWIN, } VIRGIL POWERS, } A. C. BRISCOE, Secretary.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 15, 1891.

### CIRCULAR NO. 193.

#### COAL RATES.

All percentages now allowed railroad companies in this state on coal and coke in carload quantities are hereby withdrawn, and the said companies (except the Western and Atlantic and the Georgia railroad companies) will be allowed to charge for the transportation of coal and coke in carload quantities as follows:

For fifty miles and under, class L, less 10 per cent.

For 100 miles and over fifty miles, class L, less 5 per cent.

Over 100 miles, class L, less 10 per cent.

The Western and Atlantic and the Georgia railroad companies will be allowed to charge for transportation of coal and coke in carload quantities as follows:

For fifty miles and under, class L, less 10 per cent.

For distances over fifty miles, class L, less 15 per cent.

CLASSIFICATION COAL AND COKE, L. C. L. Applicable to all roads under existing tariffs. Coal and coke, L. C. L., packed in boxes, bags or barrels, class L.

This circular to take effect July 27, 1891.

By order of the Board:

L. N. TRAMMELL, Chairman. } Commissioners. ALEX. S. ERWIN, } VIRGIL POWERS, } A. C. BRISCOE, Secretary.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 15, 1891.

### CIRCULAR NO. 194.

The Commissioners having adjudged that the Richmond and Danville and of its divisions including the Georgia Pacific, and the Central Railroad and Banking Company, and all its divisions, including the Savannah, Western and the Chattahoochee, Rome and Columbus divisions, being under the management and control of one and the same company, fall within the provisions of Rule No. 1 of the "Rules Governing the Transportation of Freight." It is hereby ordered that, for purposes of transportation, said roads be considered as constituting one and the same road, and the rates of transportation on shipments of freight passing from or over the Savannah, Western and the Chattahoochee, Rome and Columbus division of the Central Railroad or from any of the above named divisions, the rates be not only computed on the basis of continuous mileage, but that the rates to be applied shall be those now of force upon the Central, the Georgia Pacific and Richmond and Danville Railroads.

This Circular to take effect July 27, 1891.

By order of the Board:

L. N. TRAMMELL, Chairman. } Commissioners. ALEX. S. ERWIN, } VIRGIL POWERS, } A. C. BRISCOE, Secretary.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 15, 1891.

### RAILROAD ACTIVITY.

WHAT THE DISCOVERY OF PHOSPHATE HAS DONE.

The Old St. Marks Road to Be Overhauled—The Carrabelle Road—The Exorbitant Freight Rates.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., July 18.—[Special.]—There is a good deal of activity in railroad circles in Florida just now. The discovery of phosphate and the rapid development of the industry within the last year or so, has, of course, had much to do with this, and has induced the pushing of railroads into almost virgin territory, where, in the ordinary course of progress, it would be many years before there would be sufficient inducement to make it worth anybody's while to build a railroad.

About the most important of the new lines is the Florida, Georgian and Western railroad, the preliminary survey of which from the Wacassia river, some twenty miles from Tallahassee, to Charlotte Harbor, is just completed. The surveyors are greatly pleased with the aspect of the country through which the projected line will run, and report that it is literally full of phosphate. The country is covered with valuable timber, and its development is only a question of more or less time.

In connection with the building of this road, the old St. Marks railroad, which has for years been in the most forlorn and dilapidated condition possible for a railroad to be, is to be overhauled and put into running shape, preparatory to its being used in the shipment of iron for the Florida, Georgian and Western, the iron for which is to be sent to Tallahassee via the St. Marks.

The attorney for the Carrabelle road has been in Tallahassee within a few days looking after its interests. The charter of this road was extended by the last legislature, but only for five months, and as the distance to be traversed from Carrabelle to Tallahassee is about fifty miles, and as of this distance only thirteen miles are now laid, the prospects for its completion within the extension of time are not particularly bright.

The long looked for road which is to connect Tallahassee directly with the north by way of Thomasville, Ga., is again showing signs of life, and it has been asserted this week upon responsible authority that work upon it will commence not later than November of this year.

There are also several short railroads projected near the east coast. For one of these, the Lake Jesup, Indian river and Atlantic, a survey party is now in the field. Most of this road runs through the flat pine woods. Very little grading is necessary and the estimate made as to the cost per mile for grading and ties was so low that the Chicago company, which is backing the road, was incredulous as to its being possible to do the work well at such low rates, and it was found necessary to send them the profile of the route before they could be convinced. Railroad building in Florida, compared to what it is in the north and west, is a comparatively easy matter. The land is generally flat and dry, there are no rocks to blast out of the way, no frost to provide against and very few rivers to be bridged, so that the work can be accomplished at a minimum cost of both money and time.

Most of the railroads already in operation in Florida made a very good showing last year, one earning more than \$5,000 per mile, one over \$5,000, five over \$2,000, four over \$1,000, three over \$800, two over \$500 and three under \$500, while the operating expenses ranged from \$388.78 to \$4,092.24 per mile.

A CAUSE OF COMPLAINT.

An undue proportion of these railroad earnings, however, came through the really exorbitant freight rates charged. The tariff on vegetables and small fruits has been extremely high, and has been the cause of bitter complaint from all parts of the state. The cabbage growers, in particular, suffered severely, and one of the largest planters near Kissimmee has not only allowed thousands of crates of this vegetable to rot in his fields rather than incur the probable deficit which would have resulted from their shipment at the rates charged this year, but states that he will plant no more truck while transportation charges run as they do now. Early peaches, too, that were shipped to New York brought there \$6 per crate, which should be an excellent paying price. But of this \$6, the grower received \$1.00, the commission men 60 cents and the transportation companies \$3.80. The peaches weighed 100 pounds per crate, so that 3.8 cents per pound were charged for carrying them from a point about 150 miles south of Jacksonville to New York. Near Palatka large peach orchards are just coming into full bearing, and the owners of them are so discouraged that they are threatening to cut down their trees rather than attempt to ship the fruit. These are not solitary instances, but only a few of those which are heard of from all over the state, and it is a matter of surprise to thoughtful people that the transportation people should be so shortsighted as to destroy their own chances of a good revenue for the future.

THE LAKE CITY BANK FAILURE.

A great excitement was caused in Lake City last week by the suspension of the Lake City bank. The bank has been known to be in a rather shaky condition for some time, but the small is much greater than the large possible. The bank was started as a private affair in 1883 or 1884, by Noyes S. Collins, who is still its president, and was incorporated in 1889 under the general incorporation act of 1868 for \$50,000, with six persons appearing as the incorporators. A nominal 10 per cent of this amount was paid in to the president by checks, which were, however, not presented for cashing until a year later, when the stock certificates were issued and were then paid for at par face value. Two of the subscribers never took the stock they put their names down for, and the amount actually taken was paid for, instead of \$50,000, amounted to but \$13,000, \$5,000 of which was owned by W. J. Winegar, \$2,000 by James E. Young, \$3,000 by John V. Brown and \$3,000 by Noyes S. Collins. With this small amount of capital the bank has been attempting to extend its operations over a large basis and has got caught, as was sure to happen sooner or later.

About ten thousand dollars of the county funds were deposited with the bank, and the individual depositors, who are involved in amounts varying from a few dollars up to thousands, are not so fortunate, as they have no security whatever for their deposits and have only the assets of the bank to depend on. It looks at present as if the liabilities would amount up to \$50,000 or \$60,000, with the assets entirely an unknown quantity. A petition was preferred by a number of the creditors that A. B. Hogan, mayor of Lake City, be appointed receiver, and the petition has been granted, the bond being fixed at \$20,000. The bonds were immediately filed and approved, and the receiver has taken formal charge. There are rumors of serious frauds committed by officers of the bank, but nothing is definitely known as yet. Suit has been entered against the bank by the county treasurer, and others are likely to follow.

MR. PLANT'S MOVEMENTS.

Mr. H. B. Plant has been in Florida since last Friday, and, of course, speculation is rife as to the probable motive of his visit. He has spent most of the time in Tampa, inspecting his large interests there, and it is likely that the matter of the ship canal and docks at St. Petersburg will be pressed to completion. The Plant Investment Company has in contemplation the establishment of a steamship line between Tampa and Colon (Aspinwall), and Mr. Plant is now making inquiries relative to the building of two fine iron steamships with a large carrying capacity, for the South American trade, and is not at all unlikely to be one of the bidders for the carriage of the South American mails.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you. Dr. J. G. B. Sargent & Sons, sole manufacturers.

## —NO LET UP.—

# Listen To the Music In the Air!

## PRICES CUT AS FINE AS FROGS' HAIR.

If you don't believe it, come and see the big crowds at the store of D. H. D.

## D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

Have not gone into the poetical business, but they cut prices so fine that it makes you feel like loving everything, when you find you can buy so much for so little money, and folks in love always like poetry. So come and get some of our lovely Bargains.

We will sell 3,000 yards Colored Plaid India Linen at 6 1-2c; they are regular 15c goods, but, as a starter, this lot goes at 6 1-2c.

All 12 1-2, 15, 17, 19 and 20c White Plaid Organdies go at 10c.

All 15c Figured Batiste cut to 5c. 7 1-2c Figured Lawns at 3 1-2c. 7 1-2c Calicoes at 3 1-2c.

10c White India Linen at 5c. 65c English Challis at 35c. 40c Hindo Muslin, 42 inches wide, at 20c.

We have about a half case of 42-inch Dress Goods, regular value, at 20c.

Every piece of 65c French Gingham cut to 25c. Big lot Zephyr Gingham at 15c, cut from 35c. 19 pieces Black Henrietta cut to 30c. All 50 and 65c French Figured Muslins cut to 35c. We have about 30 pieces of the finest French Figured Mousline, that are worth 50c, that are cut to 25c.

## WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF ALL SUMMER GOODS.

AND, TO DO THIS,

## We Are Going to Give All Gingham and Domestics at Factory Cost!

10-4 Sheeting, bleached, at 15c; worth 23c. Bleaching at 5, 6 and 7c, that is worth 7, 9 and 10c.

\$2 Henriettas at \$1.30. \$1.65 Henriettas at 90c. \$1.40 Henriettas at 75c. \$1 Henriettas at 60c.

Come right along and get what you want, they are going to be sold. One more case of those splendid 65c Shirts at 25c.

## KID GLOVES AT 25c, WORTH \$1.50 TO \$2.50.

This is one time we got "scooped." We bought these Gloves as a job to make a big run on at \$1, and you will find plenty of them worth \$2.50. After opening them up, we see they "smut" a little, and, while to sell them at 25c means a big loss to us, we have got the spinal backbone to stand it. They will be sold as they are, no exchange or anything, and, as we have to lose money, we wish these Gloves to go as far as possible; so only 4 pair to one customer.

Embroideries for the ladies.

Edgings for the sweet little babies.

16,000 yards Hamburg Edging, worth 6c up to 18c, they will be sold at 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c and 7c.

We have this lot and when they are gone we won't have any more for less than three times these prices.

All 8c and 9c Gingham cut to 5c.

## BIG REMNANT SALE.

Our bargain counters are loaded down with choice things. Save yourself a doctor's bill by getting one of our bargain Umbrellas. Fans from \$1 up to \$10.

Doors open at 6:30 o'clock. Come early and avoid the rush.

## D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.,

The Disorganizers of High Prices, Nos. 39 and 41 Peachtree St.

## SEE OUR PRICES!

## MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS!

IT WILL PAY YOU.

## THE SEASON IS ADVANCING! THEY MUST GO.

## HIRSCH BROS.,

CLOTHIERS, TAILORS, FURNISHERS, 42 & 44 Whitehall

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Manufacturers and Dealers in

Mill Supplies, Machinery, Tools

Wrought Iron Pipe, Fittings and Brass

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Write for prices and discounts.

ATLANTA, GA.

## SCIPLE SONS,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

PLASTER PARIS. MARBLE DUST.

Cement, Coal, Lime.

DRAIN & SEWER PIPE, FIRE BRICK & CLAY.

STOVE FLUES AND THIMBLES.

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## DR. BOWES & CO.,

24 MARIETTA STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

STRICTURE PERMANENTLY removed

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NERVOUS DISEASES, Diseases of the Sexual System, Urinary, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Impotence, Spermatorrhea, Syphilis, Venereal Diseases.

Cures guaranteed. Send 6 cents in stamps for book and question list. The best of references furnished. Address

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## TRAYNHAM & RAY,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

LUMBER DEALERS.

Doors, Sash, Blinds and Mantels.

NEW. Brackets and LUMBER of every Description.

—Write for Prices—

Office and Mill, 74 Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.



## IT HURTS.

We are selling at retail hundreds of dollars worth of many sorts of Suits for Men and Boys at prices that pay anywhere from 25 to 40 per cent of the cost. As a trade principle it seems entirely wrong—it is, to say the least, unfortunate for somebody. But if it is to be done, this is the time and place of all in which to do it. If we need an outlet for sample lines or overplus of manufacture that are incidental to large production we must find it.

That's how and why these exceptions come, especially at this season of the year.

The price reductions this week are enormous.

## EISEMAN BROS.,

17-19 Whitehall Street.